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OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Sir Henry Irving is getting to be almost as famous as a speaker as an actor. His address to the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association is full of wit. The reproach once made to him by another actor that "the great tragedian does not like jokes"—by which, however, was meant jokes at his own expense—has been long wiped away. The constant association which he tells us he once had with cabs awakens a melancholy echo in the heart of the present writer. "A hansom," he says, "might have at one time been described as my address. Now it is a growler." This also is my experience. I hope he may never have to say, as I have, "Now it's a chair." He describes what happened on one occasion to a theatrical friend in a growler. He was making a "quick change" of attire, going from one theatre to another, when the bottom dropped out, and showed a pair of white legs. I knew a gentleman of the same profession who had to act at Kingston after his first piece in a London theatre, and had not a minute to spare. He got into the vehicle as Charles Surface, in knee-breeches and ruffles, and got out at Waterloo Station as a "happy countryman" in a smock frock. The cabman, who was probably an Irishman, cried "Murder! murder!" and gave him into custody upon that (really) capital charge. If Shakspeare had lived in these days he might have given us some vehicular stages of human life—the perambulator, the bicycle, the hansom, the growler, and the wheeled chair. When our nerves go we take to the fourth, and when our legs go to the fifth. The sixth and last vehicle is of a more ambitious kind, with plumes.

The usual method of skin-grafting is to remove a piece from some less conspicuous portion of the patient where-with to supply the deficiency of the nose or other prominent organ. It is one of those exceptional cases where the demand does not create the supply from the public at large. In America, however, I read that negroes "gladly" offer their skins (for a consideration) for this purpose, and that when the skin of a black man is thus transferred—though in the meantime the patient, I suppose, has a piebald appearance—it soon becomes white. This is as if a piece of ordinary court-plaster should become of that pink description which persons who are particular about their appearance put on at once. What becomes of the portion of the negro that has thus been denuded it is not thought worth while to state. We have often heard of self-sacrificing whites giving their blood to supply the deficiency of that fluid in their fellow-creatures—it is called transfusion—but never their skins. In the Book of Job we find this fancy value attached to the skin alluded to by an intelligent observer of human nature.

It has been decided in a county court that "servants have no right to sing in the house where they are employed." Of course, when a member of a family is ill and noise is forbidden, as was the case in question, this seems reasonable enough; but when there is no illness the decision seems a hard one. There is no greater proof of content and (literally) harmony in a household than singing. Anyone who goes about his work and sings, we may depend upon it, likes his work. It may be a pity that we cannot select their songs for them, but that is a minor matter. What seems so strange is that the law which forbids this innocent carolling within the house permits the most offensive noises to be made outside of it. In many quiet streets the strains of the hurdy-gurdy are heard after ten o'clock at night, when delicate children are gone, as it is vainly hoped, to rest, and the victim of fever has fallen into his first sleep. It is all very well to say that if there be a sick person in the house you may send out and stop the thing; but before that can be effected the mischief is done. Moreover, it is not every householder that possesses a man-servant, and no woman has ever yet stopped an organ-grinder. The only method of doing away with these pests is to fee the policeman on the beat to keep the street clear of them; but as the policemen change their beats this becomes expensive. Now that we are such good friends with Italy would it not be possible to persuade the Italian Government to keep these peripatetic musicians at home? Many a materfamilias in London would be glad, for her children's sake, to pay a little ransom for immunity from these wretches, which would not be unwelcome to King Humbert's exchequer.

Dr. W. G. Grace has been giving his testimony as to why so many cricket matches are drawn games. It is because cricketers cannot be taught punctuality. They are always behindhand, even for luncheon. They are not so bad, however, as yachtsmen. No regatta has yet been seen where the races have started at the hour advertised. As regards games this vice is not, perhaps, of much consequence, but in social life it is very offensive. There are many people in fashionable circles, and even outside them—for they are also found in the suburbs—whose only chance of causing the least sensation among their acquaintances is by keeping them waiting for dinner. They say—it is their stock remark—that it is "so difficult to calculate distances in London," though they manage to do it when they have to get to the railway station. It may be rejoined

with reason, "Then why do their acquaintances wait for them?" Why, indeed! Why should a whole company be inconvenienced—and their whitebait spoilt—for a couple of fools (for there are generally a pair of them, and it is by no means the woman—as it is generally supposed—who is mostly to blame)? It is not the survival of the old idea of hospitality, when, as among the Arabs, the guest had everything his own way, because in that case the other guests would have to be considered. It is because materfamilias does not like her table to be disordered, and the soup brought back again during the fish course. Why should she give these people soup? If she would only have the courage to say serenely, "We knew you would not have been late if you could help it, and that you would be distressed if we waited for you," everybody but the pair of nuisances would be pleased and amused. The idea of that class of person being "distressed" at giving inconvenience to their fellow-creatures would be felt to be distinctly humorous. The system is the cause of very bad language: often and often does one hear the host swearing softly to himself, and entirely unconscious of the polite remarks addressed to him. It was once the occasion of the very worst pun being made these ears ever heard. It was uttered by a Lord Chief Justice (now deceased, and, let us hope, forgiven) upon the non-arrival of the Swedish Ambassador, and with the intention, no doubt, of comforting the hostess. "The Swede," he said, "will be sure to turn up"! Not being on the bench at the time, and his audience dispirited with hunger, one is glad to remember that his Lordship got no applause.

Perhaps owing to our want of good sculptors, there is no great passion at present for putting up statues in memory of our distinguished men. Tablets are cheaper. Scholarships at the University preserve the name of the individual in whose honour they are founded, and yet not his memory. I have only known of one man who, benefiting by the provision in question, gave a thought to his unknown patron. His use in the future is gone, whereas a patron saint is always at hand to help one. A hospital ward, or even a cot, is one of the best memorials that we can have erected to us, and awakens the greatest amount of posthumous gratitude. Of those which combine the beautiful and the useful, the painted window, though most highly thought of, is the least satisfactory. It is very liable to destruction, is seldom associated with the person it is intended to immortalise, and is never seen except by churchgoers. The best example of this class is the public fountain, a great improvement upon the ordinary "memorial," all pinnacles. It may be thought that a statue must be altogether out of this category; ornamental it may be, though it seldom is, but its usefulness seems out of the question. This depends, however, upon its local position. When Sir John Carr was in Glasgow in 1807, he was asked by the magistrates what inscription he recommended for the Nelson statue, then just erected. Sir John recommended a short one, "Glasgow to Nelson." "Just so," said one of the bailies, "and as the town o' Nelson's close at hand, might we not juist say, 'Glasgow to Nelson, sax miles,' an' so it might serve for a monument an' a milestone too?"

A humorous writer in the *Critic*, attacking the autograph hunters, proposes an authors' strike, to which he is prepared "to contribute ten signatures to start with, if ten other writers of equal eminence and illegibility will guarantee a like amount." This is a much more liberal offer than that of the charitable persons who offer to give a hundred pounds to this or that object if nine other equally generous persons will also contribute a hundred each in a fortnight. The time limit is of great advantage in economising one's charities. The writer in question seems to be unaware that at least one popular English novelist has declined to answer applications for his autograph unless twelve stamps are enclosed for some benevolent purpose; but he "goes one better" in suggesting that the benevolence should go into his own pocket. He does not, indeed, actually propose it, but "everything," he ventures to remark, "is worth what it will fetch, and if an adventitious value comes to be attached to a signature, the author is surely justified in pocketing this legitimate supplement to the scanty rewards of his travail of soul and body." The last phrase contrasts happily with that "unbridled greed" attributed by Mr. Gosse to his brethren of the pen, but I don't think much of an income will be made by this novel (or novelist's) charge. The author above referred to found a large percentage of his applicants "dry up" when his shilling tax was imposed. I am not sure whether illegibility raises the value of signatures in the autograph market or not. I know some writers who exhibit a great excellence in this way: their names might be Milton, Shakspeare, or anybody. On the other hand, they might not be signatures at all, but merely the happy escape of some spider from an ink-bottle.

It is generally supposed that the habit of attacking one's own profession is of modern date, but this is certainly not the case with literature, the disciples of which calling have never been slow to proclaim their grievances. What is common to these grumblers in all ages is that, notwith-

standing the contempt they express for their pursuit, it never strikes them to get out of it and adopt another. The Abbé de Marolles, "the father of print-collectors," was so fond of print that he even printed lists and catalogues of his friends. In his "Memoirs" he bitterly complains of the injustice done to an author "who has nevertheless published, by an accurate calculation, one hundred and thirty-three thousand, one hundred and twenty-four verses." He wrote, however, translations chiefly (in eighty volumes). His greatest merit was frankness: whenever he came to a difficult passage he would write in the margin: "I have not translated this because I could never understand it." Under these circumstances it is not, perhaps, surprising that he concludes his "Memoirs," which are dedicated to his relations, with the following advice: "I have omitted to tell you that I do not advise any one of my relations or friends to apply himself as I have done to study, and particularly to the composition of books, if he thinks that will add to his fame or fortune. I am persuaded that of all persons in the kingdom none are more neglected than those who devote themselves to literature."

In view of the present rage for Scotch stories, it may be a disappointment to some to find that "The Young Pretenders" is not a Jacobite tale, and concerns itself with a decidedly English family; but if that is got over they will find it—if they have any love for children—a very pleasant "human document." It is, indeed, one of the best narratives of child-life I have read for years. The authoress must have long studied her subject and her heroine, "Babs." Though drawn with such a loving and sympathising hand that one cannot but suspect it of partiality, the portrait is unquestionably from the life. It is not so easy to describe children's thoughts and feelings as it is supposed to be, to judge by the many juvenile books with which we are favoured: they are generally represented as either "goody-goody" or prodigies of intelligence—angels with shoulder-knots of ribbons instead of wings, or premature prigs. Their biographers shrink from describing their peculiar views of life, lest they should be considered selfish and egotistical—which, indeed, they are—and do not sufficiently appreciate their outspoken honesty. Babs is as honest as the day. The keynote of her character is struck on the first page, when she and her brother, Teddy, are told by Nana (not Zola's, but her nurse) that Grannie would never come back any more—

It did not matter much to them. They had always thought of Grannie as a piece of the drawing-room furniture—quite a nice piece, but dull and delicate as most drawing-room furniture is to the child's mind. She had never entered into their world at all. That was peopled by a host of pretending folk, all the animals they ever came across, and most of the servants, with their relatives and acquaintances inclusive. Such an interesting world it was, bounded by the brook and the lanes, and full of excitement in the first bird's-nest, and the young rabbits, to say nothing of Giles the gardener's thrilling stories! And besides, it was several weeks now since Grannie had gone away to London, and the memory of her was already growing a little dim. Teddy and Babs had both almost cried their eyes out when Don the retriever died; but then he was a real friend of theirs, and that makes a great difference.

"Good morning, little Master and Missy!" said Giles, as the two children peeped in at the tool-house door. "Has nurse told you the sad news?"

"No, what?" cried Babs anxiously. "Soot hasn't been caught in a trap again, has she?" And the little girl's face paled with apprehension.

"I mean about your poor dear Grandma."

"Oh, is that all!" said Babs with a sigh of relief. "You gived me such a fright 'bout darling Soot!"

Yet Babs has a most tender and affectionate heart; only she prefers her friends to the relatives she knows little about, as, indeed, we "grown-ups," as she calls us, also do, but lack the courage to say so. From their happy lives in the country, with Soot and Sheepie and Flossie the cow, and Giles the gardener, the children are exiled to London to live with an unsympathising and fashionable aunt, who has a headache when there is no party to go to. "I feel wretchedly ill," she says on one of these occasions. "Do you fink you will get better or die?" inquires the down-right and practical child. "Of course I shall get better," the lady replies with pardonable irritation. "I 'se so glad," says the kindly Babs. Her greatest trial, however, is the new governess, who puts her in the corner, a penalty she has been utterly unaccustomed to—

"Go and stand in that corner with your face to the wall." Babs cheerfully complied.

"What happens now?" she asked a minute afterwards.

"You will remain there until you are good."

"I 'se like a cow what's in a stall," laughed Babs. "Teddy, I 'se pretending I 'se dear Flossie. We 've never played this game afore."

"Be silent, Barbara!" cried Miss Grimston in the last stage of irritation. "It is not a game at all; it is a disgrace."

Babs then began to make a sort of gentle munching sound, and occasionally shook out the ends of her sash.

"That's Flossie's tail whisking," she murmured, quite content.

Babs gets ill, and the reader is naturally apprehensive that he will lose his favourite. It is almost the universal custom of story-tellers of child-life to kill off their heroines, but Miss Fowler is more merciful, and we thank her for it. This delightful child of her imagination survives all her troubles, and is rewarded for her engaging naughtinesses by the return of her "father-and-mother-in-Inja" to their native land. I should like to have seen the meeting.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Lord Rosebery's Ministry has fallen, and though the event has been impending for some weeks, the particular incident which brought about the crisis could not have been foreseen. One afternoon in Supply, Mr. Brodrick complained that there was not enough small-arms ammunition in reserve, and to mark his displeasure, he moved the reduction of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's salary by a hundred pounds. The Secretary for War explained that on the authority of the military experts, especially Sir Redvers Buller, the Adjutant-General, he was justified in meeting Mr. Brodrick's point with a flat denial. Mr. Balfour sided with Mr. Brodrick, so did Mr. Chamberlain. A division was called, and, to the general astonishment, the Government were found to be in a minority of seven. This result was so unexpected that Sir William Harcourt, sitting on the terrace, was heard to say that on that day, at all events, Ministers had no ground for alarm. The consequences of the division were apparently more surprising to the Opposition than to the followers of the Ministry. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, who seems to have taken the refusal of the House to accept his assurance about the ammunition as a personal affront, promptly resigned his office, the Cabinet, deciding to resign too. There was for a few hours some idea that a different course would be pursued, and that the House would be asked to reverse the vote on Mr. Brodrick's motion, and to restore to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman his hundred pounds. But the Ministerial majority had become so attenuated that the Whips could promise their chiefs no more than a possible majority of two, and rather than face a second defeat on a clear vote of confidence, Lord Rosebery and his colleagues decided to go out. That this step was not altogether convenient to the Conservatives was made plain by Mr. Balfour's speech when the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that the Government had resigned. Sir William Harcourt spoke with much feeling of the close of his leadership of the House, and his language excited a good deal of surmise as to his political prospects. By some it was interpreted to mean that he contemplates retirement from public life, but that is scarcely credible. Mr. Balfour paid a high compliment to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but complained of the manner in which Ministers had chosen to take leave of office. Undoubtedly the Opposition would have preferred an appeal to the country by Lord Rosebery, whereas, as events have shaped themselves, that appeal will have to be made by a Conservative Prime Minister. Lord Salisbury has shown no hesitation, however, in taking up the challenge of his opponents. He has accepted the responsibilities thrust upon him, and a Unionist Administration will be formed at once. After the necessary interval for indispensable public business, such as the necessary vote on account, Parliament will be dissolved, and the new House of Commons will meet before the end of August. The object of the late Government in resigning instead of dissolving is that they may be placed in a position of attack instead of defence, and that they may have an opportunity of challenging the general policy of their successors before going to the constituencies. On the other hand, the Unionists are confident of a handsome majority at the polls, and it is certain that the basis of the Ministerial policy in the new Parliament has been settled by their leaders in view of an early dissolution. The Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain will hold important posts in the Unionist Cabinet.

OPENING OF THE KAISER WILHELM MARITIME CANAL.

(See Supplement.)

The completion of a great engineering work by which the navigation of the Baltic is connected with that of the North Sea, occasionally called "the German Ocean"—though we must not allow the British and the Scandinavian shores of this "ocean" to be forgotten—is an event of much interest to Englishmen as well as to Germans. At an early period of English history the North Sea and Baltic trade was of greater relative importance, especially to London, than any other foreign commerce, that with Flanders and France not being largely developed until after the fourteenth century. There seems now reason to expect as one of the consequences of German imperial union a large increase of

traffic not only at Hamburg and Bremen, which have not ceased to flourish by their immediate access to the outer sea, but also at the ports of the Baltic coast; and it is likely that English shipowners will gain considerable advantage by the opening of the new maritime canal.

English sentiment is disposed to look favourably upon the successful accomplishment of the work undertaken by the German Empire in the reign of the aged and illustrious William I., after whom it is henceforth named the "Kaiser Wilhelm Canal," which was opened by his grandson, the present Emperor William II., grandson also of our own Queen, a few days ago. The presence of the Duke of York, on board the royal yacht *Osborne*, representing her Majesty Queen Victoria, among the Kings and Princes, Archdukes, Grand Dukes, and other sovereigns or near relatives of foreign royalties, whose vessels followed the German imperial steam-yacht *Hohenzollern* in the inland passage from sea to sea, was a becoming official token of sympathy with the Emperor's just satisfaction in the achievement of this grand and patriotic design. The British Royal Navy was represented in Kiel Harbour by the Channel squadron, under the command of Vice-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, on board his flag-ship, the *Royal*

Queen of Denmark, with the Crown Prince and Princess, and other members of the Danish royal family, came on board, and were entertained by Sir Donald Currie with luncheon. His Majesty proposed the health of Mr. Gladstone, who spoke, of course, in acknowledgment of this honour, and proposed the health of the Queen of Denmark, referring also with much feeling of sincere esteem to the virtues of the Princess of Wales, through whom the royal families of England and Denmark are bound together by kindred affection. Our other illustrations are those of the British naval squadron at Kiel saluting the German Emperor on Thursday, June 20, and of the aspect of the collected squadrons during a brief thunderstorm on the second day.

MRS. GULLY'S RECEPTION.

The Terrace of the House of Commons has been almost as popular this summer as it was during that period of a year or two ago christened "The Tea-on-the-Terrace Session." It makes a charming promenade in the afternoon, when the dull colouring of its masonry is brightened by the pretty costumes of ladies, and "the river glideth at its own sweet will," with the sunshine flecking its surface with dimples of light. At the reception given by Mrs. Gully, the Speaker's wife, on Wednesday evening, June 19, the Terrace was decidedly the most popular place of resort. Politics were forgotten, while pleasure was paramount. Music was discoursed by Mitchell's Hungarian Band, and there was singular unanimity among statesmen of all parties as to the charm of the scene. When the long line of lamps was lit in front of St. Thomas's Hospital the picture more nearly resembled a view of Venice than of London. Mrs. Gully and the Speaker, who have speedily won popularity, had the satisfaction of seeing their hospitality thoroughly appreciated by the numerous guests, who were by no means limited to politicians.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT KINGSTON.

The marriage of Princess Hélène of Orleans, daughter of his Royal Highness the late Comte de Paris, heir to the throne of Louis Philippe, King of the French, to the Duc d'Aosta, nephew to King Humbert of Italy, took place on Tuesday, June 25, in the small Roman Catholic church of St. Raphael, at Kingston-on-Thames. The bride was accompanied by her mother the Comtesse de Paris, her brother, the Duke of Orleans, who was borne on an invalid's chair, her sisters, Princesses Isabelle and Louise, the Duke and Duchess of Chartres, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, the Duc d'Aumale, the Prince and Princess de Joinville, Princess Clémentine of Orleans, and others of her family, who had assembled at Orleans House, Twickenham. With the bridegroom were the Prince of Naples, his cousin, the Count of Turin, the Archduchess Clotilde, and the Duke of Oporto. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, representing the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with her husband and daughter, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, were present. Instead of the Duke of Orleans, the bride's brother, not yet sufficiently recovered from the effects of his accident, she was given away by her uncle, the Duke of Chartres. The religious service was performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Butt, Bishop of Southwark, and was followed by a Mass, assisted by Father Morgan and other Roman Catholic clergy. The wedding party returned to Orleans House to breakfast.

WINCHELSEA.

This ancient Cinque Port is full of interest to every lover of the picturesque. It has memories in which antiquaries delight, and beauties which are none the less because they bear the impress of centuries. Our illustrations show various parts of Winchelsea, including the tree under which that indefatigable home missionary, Wesley, preached. In days of war to the knife the town gave a good account of itself, as its battlements testify. One of its modern claims to notice may be the fact that here Miss Ellen Terry has spent many days, diligently conning the lines which were afterwards to thrill thousands on both sides of the broad Atlantic.

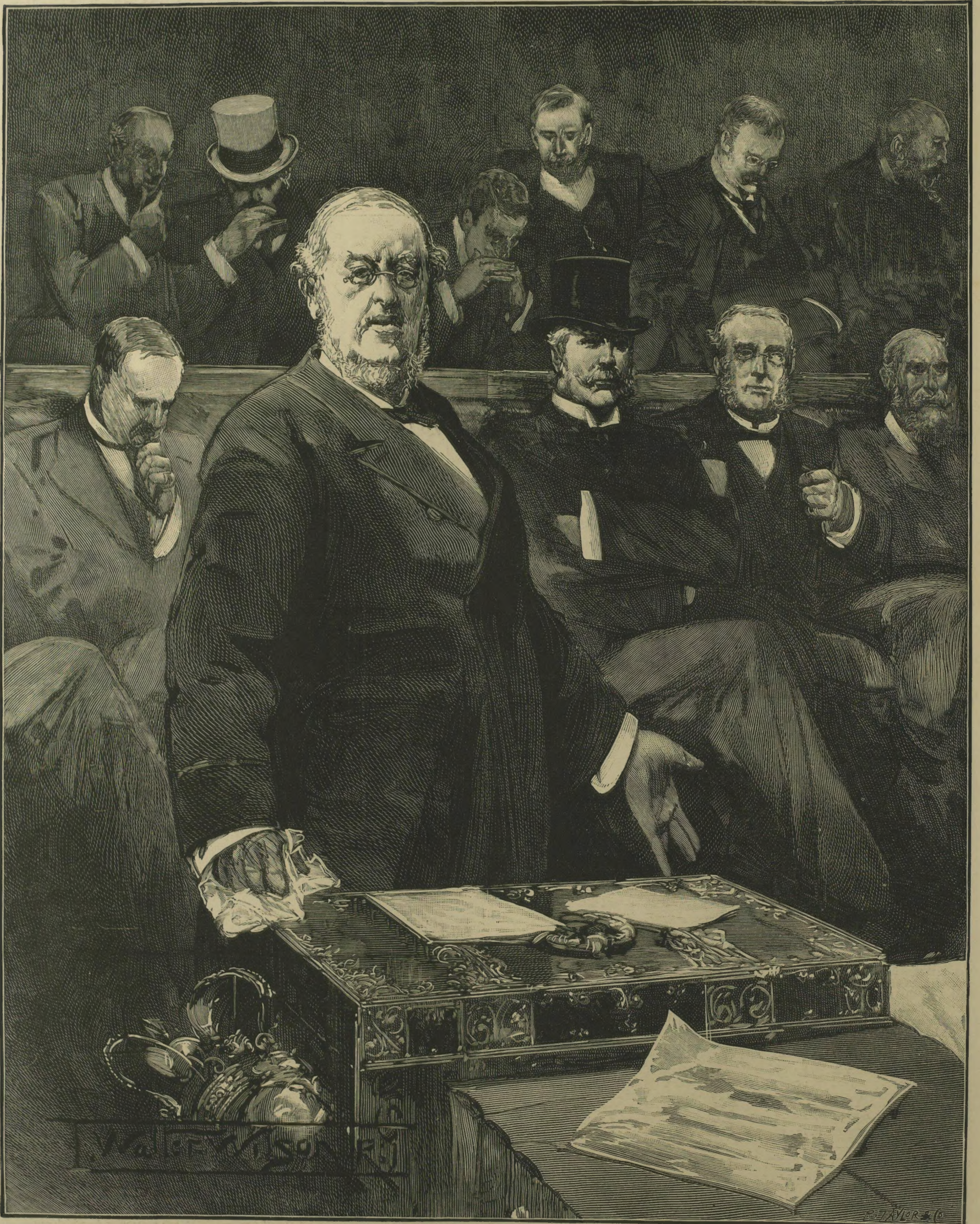


THE DUCHESS D'AOSTA IN HER WEDDING DRESS.

Photographed at Orleans House, Twickenham, June 25, 1895, by Gunn and Stuart, of Sloane Street and Richmond.

Sovereign, with the first-class battle-ships *Empress of India*, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Alington, *Repulse*, and *Resolution*. A large party of English visitors, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, invited guests of Sir Donald Currie, M.P., on board the *Tantallon Castle*, of the South African "Castle" Company's line, after visiting Hamburg and Copenhagen, were conveyed to Kiel in time to witness the proceedings at that end of the Canal. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, was with this party, and his sketches now published represent scenes at Hamburg, at Copenhagen, and at Kiel, which should be more particularly interesting to our own countrymen. The ceremonies and festivities in which the German Emperor bore the principal part are described on our page of "Home and Foreign News."

The municipality and influential citizens of the ancient Free City of Hamburg, one of the most famous "Hanse Towns" and commercial republics of North Germany in the Middle Ages, bade welcome to the venerable English statesman, as stated last week, in a very cordial manner. On the Saturday evening, June 15, the Burgomaster, Herr Mönckberg, the President of the High Court, and the President of the Chamber of Commerce, dined with Sir Donald Currie, Mr. Gladstone, and the English guests on board the *Tantallon Castle*. The speech with which Mr. Gladstone replied to the toast of his own health was an agreeable exception to the rule which has lately forbidden him to make any more public speeches. On Tuesday, June 18, when the ship lay at Copenhagen, the King and



THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS: SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT ANNOUNCING THE RESIGNATION OF THE GOVERNMENT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON JUNE 24.

"I would ask leave to say that for every man who has taken part in the noble conflicts of Parliamentary life, the chiefest ambition of all ambitions, whether in the majority or in the minority, must be to stand well with the House of Commons."



THE RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE SPEAKER'S WIFE, MRS. GULLY, AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, THREE DAYS BEFORE THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

PERSONAL.

The Ministerial crisis has brought Mr. Gladstone home post haste, but not in order that he may take direct and active part in public affairs. He is evidently anxious to give proofs of his sympathy with the outgoing Government, especially as certain statements about his own views are believed to have contributed to Lord Rosebery's fall. It was said that Mr. Gladstone had cancelled his "pair" because he was dissatisfied with the general policy of the Liberal Cabinet. His answer is that he neither cancelled the "pair" nor hinted any desire to have it cancelled. This was done by the Government Whips because they thought Mr. Gladstone might otherwise be embarrassed by certain points in the Committee stage of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

There is to be a statue of Cromwell after all. In response to the appeal of the *Daily Chronicle* the whole of the money—three thousand pounds—was subscribed at once, and it remains now to find a site. Whether the First Commissioner of Works, who will probably be Mr. Plunket in the new Administration, will grant a public site is doubtful, for such an act might be construed into that national tribute to which Mr. Balfour demurred. It is noteworthy that, preaching at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Bishop of Ripon declared that, in refusing a national memorial to Cromwell, Parliament had showed a lack of courage. Some pedigree-hunter has made the interesting discovery that in the female line several peers and baronets are descended from Cromwell. Amongst them is Sir John Lubbock, who can scarcely be said to have inherited a Cromwellian disposition.

The death of two Royal Academicians in the same week has, so far as we can recall, never happened since the

formal incorporation of that body. Mr. Henry Moore, whose death occurred so unexpectedly at Margate on June 22, was one of the five sons of William Moore, a drawing-master at York, who painted a number of landscapes, and a few portraits, of which the former are still sought after by collectors.

All his sons gave promise of ability, and John Collingham, Henry, and Albert, attained considerable reputation; the first as a portrait-painter, especially of children; the last as an artist with a high sense of decorative refinement. The three brothers were trained by their father, and the two elder, John and Henry, who became Academy pupils, first exhibited in public in 1853, the latter beginning with landscapes, to which branch he remained constant for several years. Henry Moore was a most prolific and rapid worker, both in oils and water-colours, and in the course of his career exhibited upwards of five hundred and fifty pictures of various kinds, sea subjects predominating in later years to the exclusion of almost all other subjects. In the present exhibition at Burlington House, however, there is good evidence that Mr. Henry Moore had not altogether lost the power of depicting inland landscapes, and probably it was his intention, had his life been prolonged, to have returned to the style of painting in which he had originally attracted attention. It is, however, as a painter of blue seas under every sort of weather that he will be chiefly known in the future, and it was on the value of his work in this line that he was elected an Associate in 1883, and a full Academician ten years later—just forty years after his first picture had been accepted by that body, a striking example of the truth of the saying, "Ars longa." Mr. Henry Moore had completed his sixty-fourth year.

The Archduchess Stéphanie, widow of the Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph, is about to pay a visit to London. It is not generally known that the Archduchess takes a great interest in art, especially in the drama. She is a warm admirer of Sir Henry Irving, and at the time of the Vienna Exhibition she pressed him to visit that city and play at the Burg Theatre. Sir Henry might have had the whole of the receipts during his visit. He has also been offered Madame Sarah Bernhardt's theatre in Paris rent free. These flattering proposals have been declined simply because the transport of the Lyceum organisation to Paris or Vienna would be so costly an affair that even the greatest popular success would not cover the expenses. Foreign composers can come here and make money because their expenses, especially in salaries, are low and theatrical prices in London are high. But when the Lyceum company travels abroad the conditions are reversed. Every member receives double salary. It cost five thousand pounds to carry the company from New York to San Francisco. The prices of American theatres have to be doubled during the Lyceum tours, but it is more than questionable whether such a course could be adopted on the Continent. These considerations may be commended to the attention of writers who have been telling us that the Continent takes no interest in English acting, and that this is the sole reason why English companies do not visit every Continental capital.

The most popular man in the British Isles is without doubt Dr. W. G. Grace. At this moment, when we have, like America, "a Silver Question" in the shape of the Grace Testimonial, the Supplement of the *Album* for July 1 is of exceptional interest, for it is devoted to the brilliant career of the cricket champion, and gives sixteen pages of portraits, articles, and illustrations connected with

Dr. Grace. By-the-way, this number of the *Album* commences a new volume, and offers an excellent opportunity to compare the paper in its enlarged and improved form with the first number, issued six months ago. No weekly illustrated paper, it is safe to say, occupies quite the same field as the *Album*; and its beautiful supplements have been responsible in a high degree for its rapid popularity.

It was announced on June 21 that the Queen had been pleased to approve of the appointment of Dr. James Reid, C.B., Resident Medical Attendant to her Majesty, to be a Knight Commander of the Bath (Civil Division). In the afternoon of the same day, Dr. Reid was privately invested by the Queen. Sir James is much esteemed by the royal family and by the members of the Court with whom he is brought in contact. He is the son of the late Dr. James Reid, of Ellon, Aberdeenshire. He was educated at Aberdeen University, obtaining his M.D. degree in 1875, after a distinguished collegiate course. Then he proceeded to Vienna for two years' medical study. He became M.R.C.P. London in 1887, and a Fellow five years afterwards. Dr. Reid was appointed Resident Physician to the Queen in 1881, Physician Extraordinary in 1887, and Physician in Ordinary in 1889. In that year he was created a Companion of the Bath, and he also possesses the Third Class Red Eagle of Germany and the First Class Saxe-Ernestine Order of Coburg-Gotha.

The late Mr. George Smith of Coalville was one of the most active, and unassuming of our philanthropists. Of humble origin, he worked as a lad in a brickyard, and he was impressed by the miserable isolation of the children from all humanising influences. By his exertions public attention was drawn to the question, and thousands of brick-children were consequently drawn into the schools. Mr. Smith brought the same agency to bear on the canal-boats, and a special Act of Parliament dealing with these vessels and their nomadic inmates was mainly due to his initiative. Of late years he had undertaken a much more difficult task, that of bringing the gipsy children and van-dwellers within the regulations of society. To put a gipsy in a Board School is like harnessing a household fly, and Mr. Smith was by no means popular among the people whom he sought to befriend. Nothing daunted, he worked manfully on till his last illness overtook him. A more unselfish spirit never breathed. He was the author of several unpretending little books dealing with the questions to which he had devoted his life.

Mr. John Evan Hodgson, R.A., who died on June 19 at Coleshill, Bucks, was born in London in 1831. At the age of four years he was taken by his father to St. Petersburg, where he remained until old enough to be sent back to this country for education at Rugby, where Tait had just succeeded to Arnold. Here he remained some time, and then returned to St. Petersburg, and entered his father's counting-house. How and where he imbibed a taste for painting is not clear, for the Hermitage collection, in those days at least, was not as accessible as our National

Gallery, and Ruskin's "Modern Painters," however much they may have stirred the mind, could hardly give keenness to the eye or deftness to the hand. Nevertheless, it was to these two influences that Hodgson attributed his conversion from commercial to artistic life. He threw up his chances in business, and in 1853—on the eve of the war with Russia—came to London and entered as a student at the Royal Academy. Three years later he exhibited his first picture in Trafalgar Square. His subjects were at first chosen from scenes of domestic life, such as "The Poacher's Arrest" (1857), "Canvassing for a Vote" (1858), etc. Later on he turned his attention to historical subjects, and from 1861 to 1868 he seemed to be a follower in the footsteps of Mr. E. M. Ward; but a visit to Northern Africa suddenly transformed him into a painter of Moorish scenes and costumes, with occasional excursions into the domain of marine subjects. In 1873 he was elected an Associate, and in 1879 a full member of the Royal Academy. As Librarian to the Royal Academy he took a considerable share in a revised and more up-to-date history of that body than Sandby's useful volumes can now pretend to be, and it is to be hoped that his fugitive papers will be collected for future students.

That charming 'cellist, Mr. Leo Stern, announces a most attractive concert in Princes' Hall on July 2, when several eminent artists will appear. The Duchess of Albany hopes to be present.

Mr. T. A. Martin, the Agent-General to the Government of Afghanistan, who has been so indefatigable in arranging the visit of the Shahzada, has shown by his career that energy and ability can still as of yore cause a man "to stand in kings' palaces." His interest in Afghanistan commenced some years ago, and gradually he gained the confidence and esteem of the Ameer, with a resultant benefit to English commerce. Mr. Martin has been the Shahzada's companion throughout his stay in this country, and his knowledge of affairs has been of great service.

The announcement that Archdeacon Bardsley is resigning parochial for diocesan work recalls a name that has long been fragrant in the best annals of the Church of England. The Bardsleys are essentially a clerical family; many of them hold positions of influence in the Church at the present time, one of them being the Bishop of Carlisle. Archdeacon Joseph Bardsley, who is now leaving the vicarage of Bradford after fifteen years' devoted labour, has had a wide and varied experience of clerical life. For twelve years after his ordination he devoted his energies mainly to large towns in Lancashire, but in 1861 Dr. Tait, who was then Bishop of London, invited him to undertake the superintendence of the Diocesan Home Mission. This led to a connection with the metropolis which continued unbroken for nearly twenty years, during part of which time he was Rector of Stepney. He removed to Bradford in 1880. The Archdeacon is a man of many parts. In Yorkshire he is known as "Memory Bardsley" on account of his remarkable power of committing sermons, addresses, etc., to memory and then delivering them without note of any sort. He is an able and practised debater, as many Church Congresses have shown, and his kindly and unassuming disposition have won for him a wide circle of friends. His new work will be, it is believed, in the direction of superintending of a body of "Emergency Clergy," which the Bishop of Ripon is desirous of forming for his diocese.

At one time it was believed that City livings were reserved for clergymen who, having given the greater part of their lives to the service of the Church, deserved a quiet and restful old age; but now the fashion is changing, and as the livings fall vacant they are filled by the appointment of young men. The latest example of this is Christ Church, Newgate Street, to which the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital have just elected the Rev. Ernest Harold Pearce, a young man of only thirty years of age. But in this case the patrons have shown a wise discretion. The congregation of Christ Church consists for the most part of the boys of the adjoining Bluecoat School, and they need religious instruction at the hands of those who are in full sympathy with young life. Moreover, Mr. Pearce is himself an old Blue and a Grecian to boot. He did excellently at the school, and his subsequent course at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, was also distinguished. On his ordination he was appointed Assistant Master of the South-Eastern College, Ramsgate; and later he filled a similar position at his own school. Two years ago, however, he abandoned scholastic work, and became metropolitan secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a post he still holds. He is a cultured and refined preacher, of wide sympathies and sound judgment.

For the admirable Illustrations of the Caves at Hastings, given in our issue of June 1, we were indebted to Mr. J. H. Blomfield, of Trinity House, Hastings.

THE ALBUM.

The Number for July 1 contains a Splendid Supplement of Sixteen Pages about the Career of DR. W. G. GRACE. The price of "THE ALBUM" with Supplement is Sixpence weekly.—Office: 198, Strand, London, W.C.

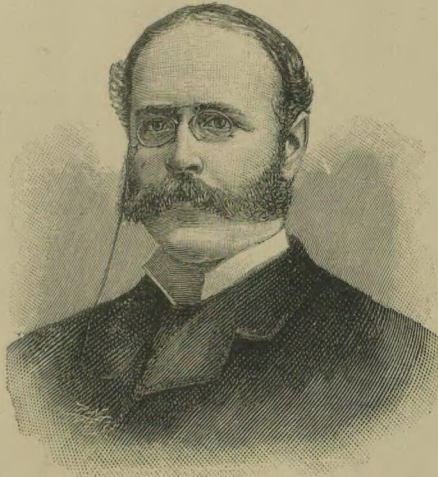


Photo by Russell.
SIR JAMES REID, M.D., K.C.B.



Photo by W. and D. Downey.
MR. T. A. MARTIN.

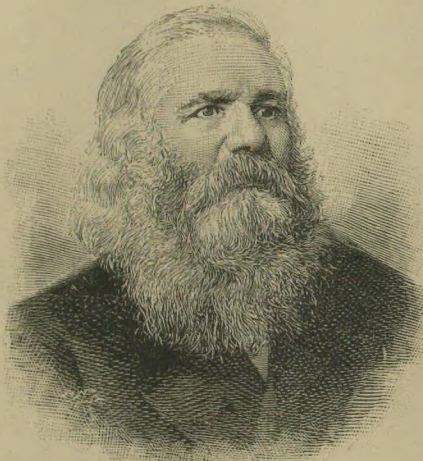


Photo by J. Powell.
THE LATE GEORGE SMITH OF COALVILLE.



Photo by London Stereoscopic Company.
THE LATE MR. JOHN EVAN HODGSON, R.A.



Photo by Ralph Robinson.
THE LATE MR. HENRY MOORE, R.A.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen left Balmoral on Friday afternoon, June 21, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Countess Erbach-Schönberg, and arrived at Windsor on Saturday morning at nine o'clock. The Earl of Rosebery, Prime Minister, came on Saturday evening to announce his resignation of office, dined with her Majesty, stayed at the Castle, and returned to London on Sunday evening. The Queen received the Marquis of Salisbury on Monday, and invited him to form a new Ministry. Her Majesty has been visited at Windsor Castle by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of York, and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and by the Comtesse de Paris, Princess Hélène of Orleans, the Duc d'Aosta, and the Prince of Naples. The Crown Prince and Princess of Greece are expected, from Copenhagen, to come to England as guests of her Majesty.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with other members of the royal family, having been staying at Ascot for the races, on Saturday, June 22, visited the cavalry camp in Windsor Great Park. The Prince of Wales opened the International Railway Congress at the Imperial Institute on June 26; and on the same day the Princess of Wales visited the Bazaar of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at Queen's Hall. Princess Christian opened a Bazaar at the Clerkenwell Town Hall, and the Duchess of Connaught presented new colours to the Royal Scots Fusiliers at Aldershot. The Duke and Duchess of York have gone to Wynyard Park, Durham, on a visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry. They were at Darlington on Wednesday for the Agricultural Society's meeting there. The Afghan Shahzada went thither on Tuesday, June 25. He dined with the Fishmongers' Company on Friday, Sir Evelyn Wood in the chair.

Apart from the political crisis in our own country, the great event of the week, one of European and not merely of German and foreign interest, has been the opening of the Baltic and North Sea Canal. The ceremonies with which it was accompanied were advantageously witnessed by a large party of English guests, including Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, invited by Sir Donald Currie on board the *Tantallon Castle*, which also visited Hamburg and Copenhagen, and had the honour of receiving the King and Queen of Denmark. The German Emperor William II. arriving at Hamburg on Wednesday afternoon, June 19, with the Crown Prince, was entertained by the Burgomasters and Senators at the Rathaus; the King of Saxony, the King of Württemberg, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, the Archduke Karl Stephan of Austria, the Duke of York, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, the Duke of Genoa, the Grand Dukes of Baden, Weimar, Hesse, and Oldenburg, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the British, French, Austrian, and American Ambassadors, represented different Sovereign Courts or nations. At this banquet the Emperor made a speech, referring to the accomplishment of German unity in 1871, by the deeds of his grandfather, William I., and his father, the Emperor Frederick; but declaring that this work proved Germany's love of peace. There were splendid illuminations and fireworks on the Alster. The Emperor went on board his steam-yacht the *Hohenzollern* and proceeded down the estuary of the Elbe to Brunsbüttel, the North Sea entrance of the new ship canal. At four o'clock on Thursday morning the imperial yacht entered the canal, leading the international naval procession of twenty-three ships: seven German, the British royal yacht *Osborne*, with the Duke of York on board, and the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*; the French torpedo-vessel *Surcouf*, Russian, Austrian, Italian, Spanish, Swedish and Norwegian, Danish, Dutch, American, Turkish, and Roumanian vessels, but none of the largest size. The *Hohenzollern* effected the passage from one end of the canal to the other in little more than seven hours. Issuing from the canal at Holtenau, she was greeted with salutes of guns fired by all the squadrons of ships of war belonging to the many nations assembled in the harbour of Kiel. In the afternoon the Emperor returned the visits of the commanders of all these squadrons on board their flag-ships, as they had visited his Majesty on board the *Hohenzollern*. His Majesty gave a banquet on board of the imperial yacht. The Empress Augusta Victoria was at Kiel and attended a ball at the Naval Academy, but was prevented by indisposition from otherwise taking part in the festivities. On the next day, which was Friday, June 21, the Emperor again visited the British, Russian, Austrian, and Italian flag-ships, but the French squadron had left Kiel. At eleven in the forenoon his Majesty performed the formal ceremony of inauguration, giving to the new waterway, in honour of his grandfather, the name of the "Kaiser Wilhelm Canal"; and laying the memorial-stone of a tower at Holtenau, the Baltic Sea entrance, connected with the works of the sluice-gates. In the afternoon there was a grand naval review of the combined German and foreign squadrons. A banquet in the *Niobe*, a building erected in the shape of an old-fashioned war-ship on the bank of the canal, took place in the evening, when the Emperor made another speech. On Saturday the ships of the German fleet performed a series of manœuvres and tactical evolutions, followed by a mimic naval battle, and were reviewed by the Emperor, who was on board the *Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm*. There was also a regatta, in which his Majesty, on board his own sailing-yacht *Meteor*, won the principal race. The festivities ended

with a procession of five thousand torch-bearers in the town of Kiel. The Emperor has since held a review of German troops at Schleswig.

Two disasters in the Channel, but, happily, without loss of life, took place during the fog that prevailed at sea on June 21 and the next day. The *Diana*, an English steamer, was wrecked on Cape La Hogue, and the steamer *Bessel*, of Liverpool, was run down off Brighton. All on board were saved.

The annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, held during the week at Darlington, under the presidency of Sir John Thorold, is the chief provincial event. The show of cattle is not quite so large as in former years, but that of implements exceeds the preceding collections, except the one at Cambridge. The show of horses is one of the best that have been seen.

The Livery Companies of the City of London on June 24 elected Mr. Alderman Pound and Mr. Deputy Lorimer to be Sheriffs of London for the next year, but a poll was demanded by the third candidate, Mr. J. R. Cooper, and was to take place on June 27.

Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams has given his sanction to a scheme for taking charge of the assets of the Liberator Building Society, the Lands Allotment Company, and the House and Land Investment Trust, formerly managed by Mr. Jabez Balfour, to be vested in the "United Assets



Photo by W. and D. Downey.

HIS HIGHNESS NASRULLAH KHAN, THE SHAHZADA.

Realisation Company," which is to be formed for that purpose. It is expected that the unsecured creditors of the two first-named companies will get four or five shillings in the pound.

The London County Council has resolved to persist with its Bills in Parliament for the purchase of the Water Companies, but with the adoption of a new arbitration clause to meet the objections of the House of Commons Committee.

At the Royal Academy of Music, on June 25, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha took the chair as president. A concert was performed by the pupils, and a testimonial was presented to Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the Principal of the Royal Academy.

The anniversary of the death of the late M. Carnot, President of the French Republic, was commemorated on June 24 by President Faure, with the Ministers, officially visiting the tomb in the Panthéon, and by a religious service at the Madeleine.

The Turkish Government has to deal with local insurrections in Macedonia, on the frontier of Bulgaria, from which serious political trouble is not unlikely to arise, but there is a strong Turkish military force.

The French army in Madagascar suffers greatly from fever and sickness; hundreds of invalid soldiers are being sent home, and General Duchesne has asked for reinforcements.

The rebellion against the Spanish Government in Cuba is only partially and locally subdued; there are still about 11,000 armed insurgents in the provinces of Santiago, Santa Clara, and Puerto Principe. The army under command of Marshal Martinez Campos numbers 42,000, maintained at a huge cost monthly.

ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

XVII.—THE HAREBELL.

Few English flowers are better known than the harebell; yet I wonder what proportion of all those who love it well in its summer beauty would be able to account for its botanical name of Round-leaved Campanula. "Round-leaved!" most people would say; "why, its leaves are slender and narrow and grass-like." And so they are, indeed, in the later state in which you pick in July the graceful pensile blossoms. But the flowering stage of every plant is, after all, but its momentary reproductive period; it represents, so to speak, the golden prime of the full-grown individual. Before that stage is attained, the plant itself has to grow and prepare for flowering; it has to pass through its adolescence and its formative epoch. Now, the harebell is a herb whose two ages of life are singularly different; if you saw it in its green youth, when it is devoting itself wholly to feeding and storage, you would never imagine it was the self-same plant as that whose tall and very slender stem supports in later life the scattered group of drooping blue bell-flowers with which you are familiar.

Here on the dry sandbank, beside the path that runs obliquely across the moor, I see half-a-dozen harebell-worts in the first or caterpillar stage of their existence.

The metaphor is less violent by far than you would at first imagine; for in its earlier days the harebell, like the caterpillar, does nothing but eat and lay by for the future; while in its second or flowering stage it does nothing but put forth its tender blue blossoms, which answer to the butterfly both in their attractive beauty and in the fact that they serve to produce the seeds (which are the analogues of eggs) for the coming generation. In the purely preparatory or hard-eating stage the harebell has no stem or branches to speak of; it consists of a rosette of large orb-like leaves, often heart-shaped towards the stalk, and pressed close to the ground in a spreading circle. Each such rosette springs in April from a buried rootstock, which, in loose loamy soil like that of these Surrey moors, is often most intricate; it burrows in and out with strange instinct among the dry sand and stones in search of such rare moisture as it can manage to find for itself. But though water is scarce, access to light and air is easy; so the large round leaves, lying close on the bare ground, get sunshine in abundance, and feed to their heart's content upon their proper food, the carbon in the atmosphere, while vegetation around is still low and backward. In this stage they may be compared to the rosettes of London Pride, which are similarly clustered, but which do not die down as the flower-stem advances.

About June, however, the harebell plant has eaten and drunk enough to venture upon leaving its caterpillar stage behind, and sending up the loose cluster of waving blue flowers which represent its butterfly. In order to do this, and overtop the tall grasses which have sprouted meanwhile, it withdraws the whole of the living green-stuff from its heart-shaped root-leaves, and uses up the active material they contain in building its flower-stem. Thus, as the stem lengthens, and the buds begin to swell, the lower leaves die away altogether; only a few quite dissimilar and very narrow blades on the ascending branches now represent the original foliage. After the flowers have set, even these last disappear, or dry up on the stem, their living material being withdrawn in turn to supply food for the developing seeds. This may seem

odd at first, but it is a common incident in many life-histories of plants and animal. As a rule, indeed, the butterfly, or winged stage of most insect lives is wholly devoted to a marriage flight; and there are several winged insects which never feed at all in the perfect state; they use themselves up in the formation of eggs, and die of inanition.

Most of the sister campanulas, like Canterbury bells, are stiff and coarse and hairy plants, without grace or elegance; but that is because they haunt woods and copses or overgrown hedgerows, where they are sheltered from the wind and enabled to grow large and rampant. The harebell, on the contrary—the oread of its race—is a denizen of the open, wind-swept uplands; it loves the moors and heaths, the bare hilly pastures; and it has learnt in consequence to bend lightly before the breeze, springing up again as those invisible feet pass on, which gives it its familiar slenderness and elegance. The hanging domes of the flowers are entered from below by bumble bees, which are strong enough to push aside the fringed and close-set teeth that edge the base of the stamens, put there on purpose to baffle less useful honey-thieving visitors. Equally strange is the egg-shaped capsule which, later on, contains the seeds; it opens by five short clefts near the top. The actual reason for this arrangement is itself a somewhat odd one. The seeds can only drop out through the pores or clefts when a high wind blows and sways the waving stem violently. At such times the little grains get carried by the breeze to considerable distances; and this serves not only to disseminate the kind, but also to carry the majority of the seeds to unoccupied spots, where rotation of crops can thus be secured by letting the young plants sprout at a distance from the soil exhausted by their mother. Similar devices for securing rotation are common in nature; they often occur in species like this, whose seeds seem at first sight wholly unprovided with wings or floats or other means of locomotion.



THE DANES AND THE BRITISH LION: SKETCH ON BOARD THE "TANTALLON CASTLE" AT COPENHAGEN.

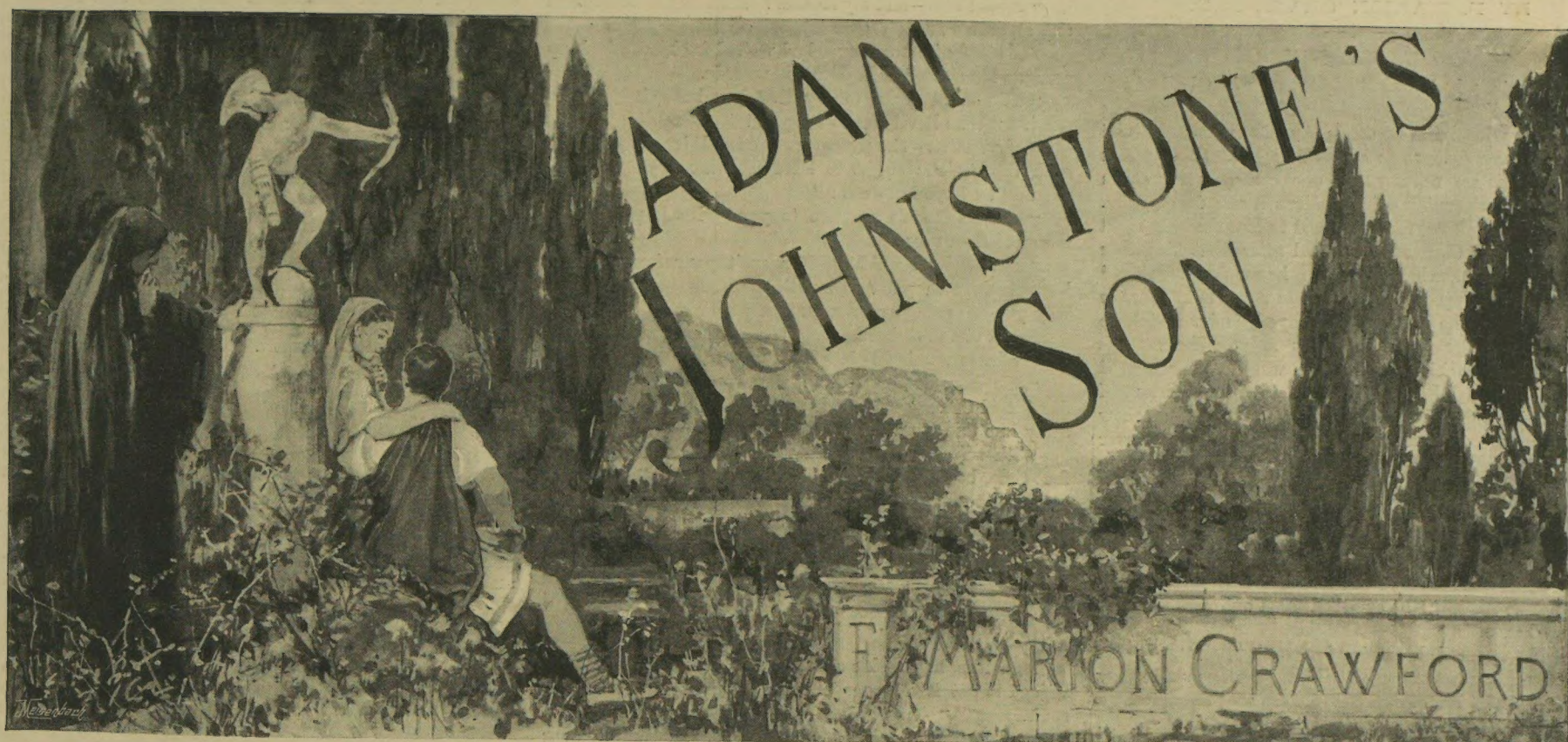
By our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

Mr. Gladstone. Sir Donald Currie. King of Denmark. Prince Waldemar. Denmark. Princess Louise of Denmark. Prince John of Denmark. Crown Prince of Denmark.



Queen of Denmark. Mrs. Gladstone. Princess Waldemar. Crown Princess of Denmark.

THE DANISH ROYAL FAMILY VISITING MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE ON THE "TANTALLON CASTLE" AT COPENHAGEN.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.



"Good-bye," he said, holding out his hand, and trying hard to smile a little.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

ADAM JOHNSTONE'S SON.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

CHAPTER XIV.

Brook Johnstone had gone to his room when he had left his father, and was hastily packing his belongings, for he had made up his mind to leave Amalfi at once without consulting anybody. It is a special advantage of places where there is no railway that one can go away at an hour's notice without waiting tedious hours for a train. Brook did not hesitate, for it seemed to him the only right thing to do, after Clare's refusal, and after what his father had told him. If she had loved him, he would have stayed in spite of every opposition. If he had never been told her mother's history, he would have stayed, and would have tried to make her love him. As it was, he set his teeth, and said to himself that he would suffer a good deal rather than do anything more to win the heart of Mrs. Bowring's daughter. He would get over it somehow in the end. He fancied Clare's horror if she should ever know the truth, and his fear of hurting her was as strong as his love. He made no phrases to himself and he thought of nothing theatrical which he should like to say. He just set his teeth and packed his clothes alone. Possibly he swore rather unmercifully at the coat which would not fit into the right place and at the starched shirt-cuffs which would not lie flat until he smashed them out of shape with unsteady hands.

When he was ready he wrote a few words to Clare. He said that he was going away immediately and that it would be very kind of her to let him say good-bye. He sent the note by a servant and waited in the corridor at a distance from her door.

A moment later she came out very pale.

"You are not really going, are you?" she asked, with wide and startled eyes. "You can't be in earnest?"

"I'm all ready," he answered, nodding slowly. "It's much better. I only wanted to say good-bye, you know. It's awfully kind of you to come out."

"Oh—I wouldn't have—" but she checked herself, and glanced up and down the long corridor. "We can't talk here," she added.

"It's so hot outside," said Brook, remembering how she had complained of the heat an hour earlier.

"Oh, no—I mean—it's no matter. I'd rather go out for a moment."

She began to walk towards the door while she was speaking. They reached it in silence, and went out into the blazing sun. Clare had Brook's note still in her hand, and held it up to shield the glare from the side of her face as they crossed the platform. Then she realised that she had brought him to the very spot whereon he had said good-bye to Lady Fan. She stopped, and he stood still beside her.

"Not here," she said.

"No—not here," he answered.

"There's too much sun—really," said she, as the colour rose faintly to her cheeks.

"It's only to say good-bye," Brook answered sadly, "I shall always remember you just as you are now—with the sun shining on your hair."

It was so bright that it dazzled him as he looked. In spite of the heat she did not move, and their eyes met.

"Mr. Johnstone," Clare began, "please stay. Please don't let me feel that I have sent you away." There was a shade of timidity in the tone, and the eyes seemed brave enough to say something more. Brook hesitated.

"Well—no—it isn't that exactly. I've heard something. My father has told me something since I saw you—"

He stopped short and looked down.

"What have you heard?" she asked. "Something dreadful about us?"

"About us all—about him principally. I can't tell you. I really can't."

"About him—and my mother? That they were married and separated?"

The steady innocent eyes had waited for him to look up again. He started as he heard her words.

"You don't mean to say that you know it too?" he cried. "Who has dared to tell you?"

"My mother—she was quite right. It's wrong to hide such things—she ought to have told me at once. Why shouldn't I have known it?"

"Doesn't it seem horrible to you? Don't you dislike me more than ever?"

"No. Why should I? It wasn't your fault. What has it to do with you? Or with me? Is that the reason why you are going away so suddenly?"

Brook stared at her in surprise, and the dawn of returning gladness was in his face for a moment.

"We have a right to live, whatever they did in their day," said Clare. "There is no reason why you should go away like this, at a moment's notice."

With an older woman he would have understood the first time, but he did not dare to understand Clare, nor to guess that there was anything to be understood.

"Of course we have a right to live," he answered, in a constrained tone. "But that does not mean that I may stay here and make your life a burden. So I'm going away. It was quite different before I knew all this. Please don't stay out here—you'll get a sunstroke. I only wanted to say good-bye."

Man-like, having his courage at the sticking-point, he wished to get it all over quickly and be off. The colour sank from Clare's face again, and she stood quite still for a moment, looking at him. "Good-bye," he said, holding out his hand, and trying hard to smile a little.

Clare looked at him still, but her hand did not meet his, though he waited, holding it out to her. Her face hardened as though she were making an effort, then softened again; and still he waited.

"Won't you say good-bye to me?" he asked unsteadily.

She hesitated a moment longer.

"No!" she answered suddenly, "I—I can't!"

And here the story comes to its conclusion, as many stories out of the lives of men and women seem to end, at what is only their turning-point. For real life has no conclusion but real death, and that is the sad ending to a tale, and one which may as well be left to the imagination when it is possible.

Stories of strange things which really occur very rarely have what used to be called a "moral" either. All sorts of things happen to people who afterwards go on living just the same—neither much better nor much worse than they were in the beginning. The story is a slice, as it were, cut from the most interesting part of a life, generally at the point when that life most closely touches another, so that the future of the two momentarily depends upon each separately and upon both together. The happiness or unhappiness of both for a long time to come is founded upon the action of each just at those moments. And sometimes, as in the tale here told, the least promising of all the persons concerned is the one who helps matters out. The only logical thing about life is the certainty that it must end. If there were any logic at all about what goes between birth and death, men would have found it out long ago, and we should all know how to live as soon as we leave school; whereas we spend our lives under Fate's rules, trying to understand, while she raps us over the knuckles every other minute because we cannot learn our lesson, and sit up straight, and be good without being prigs, and do right without sticking it like a pin through other people's peace of mind, as though it were a butterfly.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Sir Dyce Duckworth has been addressing a meeting of clergy on clerical breakdown. He spoke first of clerical sore throat, the main cause of which was excessive and improper employment of the voice. Clerical sore throat could be little benefited except by attention to general health, by diminished amount of speaking, and by instruction as to the right methods of producing the voice. One line of breakdown all too common among the clergy was that of the digestive system, and a fertile source of this was irregularity in the hours of meals. Sir Dyce Duckworth advised relaxation in cricket, golf, or cycling; recommended a little good wine, and deprecated excessive tobacco-smoking. Many of his hearers declared afterwards that they had been total abstainers for many years, and had been the better for it.

The Bishop of Rochester has been insisting on the duty incumbent upon all Churchmen to be considerate, tolerant, and fair-minded in dealing with opponents upon the great question of Disestablishment.

The death is announced of the Rev. H. Heber Evans, who has been living for some years in retirement. He published many works with the view of proving that St. Paul wrote the third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. Evans showed much ingenuity and perseverance. He made no converts—or at least none to speak of.

There are rumours of a Cambridge House in South London. The Oxford House has worked its way into a position of wide influence in East London, and numbers among its residents and workers men like Lord Hugh Cecil.

The Australian papers comment pretty freely on Mr. Haweis's lectures, which seem to have been well attended. Mr. Haweis informed an interviewer that the Church of England was officered by men inferior to the clergy of twenty years ago, and thought that a period of decadence was coming. The Rev. Haskett Smith, of Palestine fame, is also lecturing in Australia. It will be remembered that Mr. Haskett Smith was an associate of the late Lawrence Oliphant, who wrote a mystical novel about Palestine, which was published, if I mistake not, by Messrs. Blackwood.

It is expected that Dean Hole will go out to Australia next year. The Americans complain that Dean Hole in his lectures gave them practically no new matter, and that he addressed them as if they were working men. It is not so easy to please the Americans as might be thought.

The *Church Times* warns its friends that the present is the moment least fitted for experiments in religious practices. To alienate a congregation by the introduction of novelties which are novelties not because the congregation is unaccustomed to them, but because they are not recognised even on the most liberal interpretation of the directions of the Prayer Book, however much they may commend themselves to individual taste, is only less criminal than to thrust gratuitously on a diocese a novelty of a similar kind, however much better it in its turn may appear to the individual than the time-honoured custom of the Church.

Canon Scott Holland preached an exceptionally eloquent sermon before the University of Oxford on June 16, in which he said that the historic Oxford Movement set itself to the work of severing the Church from the world. That was the crying necessity of the hour. The duty of the present was to penetrate the world with the power of the Spirit.

Archbishop Whately's satire "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte" has been reprinted. Whately published this book in 1819, and traced back the knowledge of Napoleon to the editors of newspapers, showing that there were grave doubts whether they had the means of gaining correct information, that they had an interest in fabricating the story as a means of selling the papers, and that they disagreed on most important points. The object was to discredit Hume's methods of attacking the truth of Christianity; and the little book, though old-fashioned, is worth a glance.

That veteran London clergyman the Rev. J. E. Kempe is about to receive a testimonial subscribed by his many friends who appreciate his forty-two years' work at St. James's, Piccadilly. The Marquis of Bristol is chairman of the committee which has the matter in hand.

It is possible that the successor of the late Dr. R. W. Dale at Carr's Lane Congregational Church, Birmingham, will be the Rev. J. H. Jowett, a young minister who has earned esteem very rapidly. A cordial invitation has been sent by the Birmingham congregation to Mr. Jowett, who is at present the pastor of St. James's, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Jowett was a speaker at the Union meetings held in London last May.

Dr. Lorimer, an American minister of considerable popularity in this country as well as in the United States, is expected in London on a brief visit. It is probable that he will fill Dr. Pentecost's pulpit on two or three Sundays.

Among the visitors to the meetings of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union were two of the most eminent physicians in London; they modestly took a back seat in Queen's Hall, and were, apparently, unrecognised. Madame Antoinette Sterling is almost as extraordinary a speaker as a singer. She held the audience entranced for a quarter of an hour during the meetings, at which she was one of the most regular attendants. Mrs. Joseph Parker recited Tennyson's "Northern Cobbler" with great effect at the Wednesday evening meeting of the Union.

V.

NEW STORY BY THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS.

In our Next Number will be published the Opening Chapter of a New Story entitled "A COLONEL OF THE EMPIRE: From the Private Papers of Mangan O'Driscoll, late of the Imperial Service of Austria, and a Knight of the Military Order of the Maria Theresa." This Story will be illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A VISIT TO TAFILET.

BY W. B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

I.—TANGIER TO MOROCCO CITY.

The soft grey light of evening added a charm to a scene that already possessed as picturesque surroundings as could well be imagined. As one leaned over the bulwarks of the *Empusa* and took a last view of Tangier and its bay, one could not help regretting that one was leaving the place for new and wilder country. Although the noisy steam windlass rattled out the fact that our departure was imminent, a horde of Moors still ran to and fro about the deck, or screamed in their guttural language to their companions in the boats at the bottom of the accommodation ladder. A few rather oily-looking European sailors were clearing the piles of baggage from the rudder-chains, and making all ready for our departure. But in contradiction to this scene of life and movement lay the bay around us. The limpid water, stirred by the gentle breeze into wavelets, lapped in blue and green transparency against the ugly black carcass of the steamer, or broke into foamy crests as, a few hundred yards away, it reached the yellow sand, which, stretching a mile or two in dunes along the coast, formed a contrasting foreground to the hills beyond. To the right lay the white town, rising tier above tier from the water's edge to an apex at the Kasbah, crowned with its green-tiled minaret. On the little mole that runs out into the sea a crowd of Moors and Jews watched the departure of the steamer, but in their lazy attitudes they seemed almost as peaceful as their surroundings.

any cargo, and for four hours we lay in uncertainty, until at length the lighters appeared. And a bad time they had of it, too, getting over the heavy bar that blocks the mouth of the Bou Regreg, the river that divides Rabat and Sallee, the latter once the home of the famous "rovers," where too, it may be remembered, Robinson Crusoe, before his voyage to Juan Fernandez, was a captive slave. The view of the two towns from the sea is a striking one: Rabat perched above its rocky cliff, and Sallee all white as snow, with its yellow sands. One looks straight up the river to where, high above its reedy banks, stands the tower of Beni-Hassen, the unfinished minaret of a great mosque, built by the same Sultan and the same architect as raised the Giralda at Seville and the Kútubia at Marakesh.

At night we left Rabat, and at dawn dropped anchor off Casablanca, or Dar El-Baida, as the Moors call it. Here communication is at almost all times possible, and there being no fear of the sea suddenly getting up, as it does at Rabat, one was able to spend the day ashore. Casablanca shares with Mogador the greater part of the coast trade, and the town, a modern one, is a busy place, with clean wide streets and well-built houses, a fact that adds much to the comfort of life there, but decidedly detracts from its picturesqueness. However, the old crumbling walls, with the dusty or muddy (as the case may be) market, are worth seeing. The town possesses quite a number of European residents, and in the company of friends a pleasant day was passed.

At midnight we started once more, to arrive at Mazagan some six hours later. This by no means prepossessing town, was originally a trading "factory" of the mediæval Spaniards, and were it not that I was again kindly entertained by friends I think that I should scarcely have gone ashore, for it was extremely hot, and there is literally nothing to see or do. From Mazagan to Saffi is an eight hours' steam, and going at half-speed we managed, by leaving the former at sunset, to arrive at the latter shortly after sunrise. The anchorage at Saffi is a very bad one, and here, like Rabat, communication between the steamers and the coast is often impossible, so it was with real pleasure that I found the sea calm enough for the boats to come out, and with still greater pleasure that an hour later I was enjoying a chat in the comfortable house of Mr. George Hunot, H.B.M. Vice-Consul, who kindly entertained me during my stay.

Saffi is a curious old rambling town, lying in a deep depression in the cliffs which bound all this part of the Moorish coast. The usual flat-roofed white houses rise one above the other until the whole is crowned by the be-towered and turreted palace—once, no doubt, a luxurious residence, but now fast falling into decay. Everywhere within and without the town one is constantly coming across the remains of the old Portuguese occupation of the place: here it is some gateway, still bearing the royal arms; there some old wall, as solid to-day as when it was first erected.

But the sight of all others at Saffi are the queer craft used for loading and discharging the cargo of the passing steamers, strange boats peaked fore and aft, and painted in designs in white upon their tarred bulwarks. Yet they are handy enough in the skilful management of the native boatmen, and it is a sight worth seeing and experiencing, too, to watch them lifted high by the inrolling wave, poised for a moment in the surf, and thence thrust

forward, past the dangerous pile of rocks that guards the narrow strip of beach, high and dry on to the sand. What a shouting and a clamouring there are! what a rabble of soaking boatmen and porters bearing the heavy sacks of grain on their shoulders and



LANDING IN SAFFI.

heads! A busy day on Saffi beach is a fair example of Pandemonium.

With the aid of Mr. Hunot's great local knowledge my plans were soon made, and though the usual delays on starting on an expedition in Morocco necessitated my staying in Saffi a week, it was a most pleasant time, and the days flew by almost too quickly. At length, having purchased the necessary animals for my journey, and collected my baggage and donned the comfortable costume of the country, a start was made.

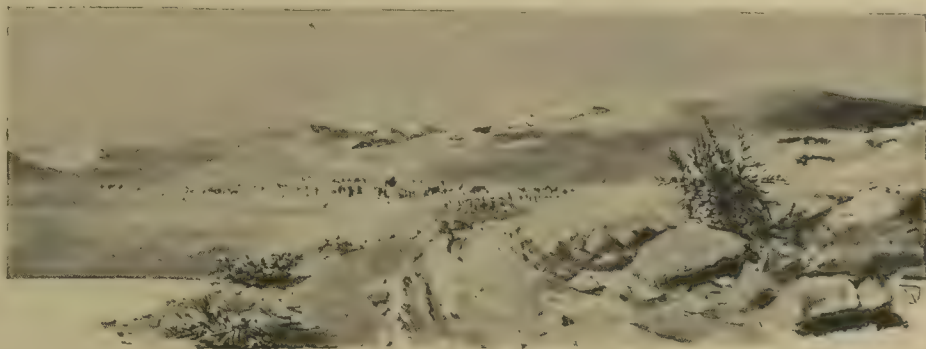
The road from Saffi to Marakesh is at no time a very pretty one, nor was what small amount of picturesqueness it possessed enhanced by the drought of a dry season. The track, for it is little more, was as hard as concrete, while scarcely a vestige of anything green was to be seen, with the exception of a rare weary-looking fig-tree and the stunted thorn-bushes so common to the country. There is not even the romance of desert about the wide plains that extend, almost without exception, over this portion of Morocco, for although the bare soil displayed at this dry season all its hideousness, in spring the entire distance of nearly a hundred miles is a waving mass of grain. The tribes whose country one passes through are essentially agricultural, that of Abda being celebrated for its breed of Barb horses, while Blad Ahmar is one of the most productive grain districts. Oulad Dlim, the third tribe whose land one traverses, can be said to be celebrated for nothing except their appearance of poverty and dirt. They inhabit the northern slopes of the Jibeelet, as the range parallel to the Great Atlas, but on the north of the Tensift Valley, is called. They can claim, however, to being picturesque, especially the women, whose typical dress of "Khent," indigo cotton, is truly Oriental. Until one has reached these hills but little of interest is passed, and so near are they to Marakesh that one's journey is almost at an end when one has crossed them. Certainly the only noticeable object is the great salt lake of Zima, a circular piece of water, the contents of which are very brackish, while the whole is surrounded by dreary, shelving, muddy banks. Near here is the residence of the Kaid, or Governor, of Blad Ahmar, and a group of buildings where the Sultan's sons are educated, known as Dar Es-Shemaa. Here, too, Mulai Hassen himself received what education he can boast of, which consists, probably, of repeating a certain number of chapters of the Koran. But his Majesty can safely be said to make up any deficiencies of education by his vast amount of natural astuteness. In spite of the fact that all the tribes on the road are descended from the original Arab stock, and possess no extraneous blood, they have almost entirely abandoned their tent dwellings and taken to fixed



IN VIEW OF THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS AND THE CITY OF MOROCCO.

A hideous whistle rent the air; a final scuffling of the Moors on deck; a few good-byes, and the last stranger had scrambled hurriedly down the ladder, and with a thud the screw began to turn, and leaving a foamy streak of white behind us, we steamed out of the bay. But the charm of the scene did not end, and in the after-glow we passed along the coast, dotted with its white houses half hidden in trees, perched high above the wall of cliffs that fringes the "mountain." In the gloom under the awning the native passengers were arranging their carpets and belongings. So of the old world did they seem that they appeared to be quite out of place in the steamer. What right had they to be there? one could not help thinking. Surely their duty is to scour the country on their horses, or drive the caravans of patient camels over the plains. But, as a doctor once told me, reveries and regrets are bad for the digestion; so abandoning the former, with one last look at the coast, I drowned the latter in a cup of tea.

There is but little of interest in a voyage from Tangier to Saffi, the last port but one down the Atlantic coast of Morocco, some four hundred miles away, and the journey is at the best, even to those to whom it is novel, a tedious one. The ports—scarcely do they deserve the name—afford but a poor anchorage to the steamers, and often communication with the coast is impossible. At early dawn we stopped off Rabat. A gentle westerly wind was blowing, and a heavy swell driving in from the Atlantic, which threatened to prevent our discharging or taking in



FROM SAFFI TO MOROCCO CITY: A SÔK IN THE DISTANCE.

abodes, which in most cases consist of roughly thatched huts, surrounded by a high thorn hedge, forming a "zareba," into which at night the cattle and goats and herds are driven. A few of the richer classes, and these are mostly the protected agents of Europeans, have built themselves more solid and

pretentious habitations, of stone or "tabia," the native concrete. These houses are, as a rule, whitewashed, and form quite a feature of the plains. As far as architecture goes, they have no pretensions to beauty, nor does it seem to be the object of the owner to enhance in any way his surroundings by planting gardens. The one and sole aim of the Arab is to collect wealth without being squeezed, and this in a country where officials are as rapacious as they are in Morocco is by no means easy. The more one comes into contact with the Moors of Morocco, the more one sees of their avarice, the less does one like them. Very different are these Arabs of the plains from the spendthrift mountaineer, who, with a justifiable sense of the pleasures (and often the vices too) of life, care-

Crossing the stony range of Jibeelet, we drew rein on the summit to gaze on the scene before us. It was not the first time that I had looked from these hills upon the view in front of me, but even my memory of it had failed to equal the vast reality.

In contrast to the stony hills and the parched, sun-dried plains we had left behind, there stretched away in front of us a land which, if it did not flow with milk and honey, did so with water, which, after all, is more to the purpose. Green with an indescribable vividness, there lay at our feet the wide valley of the Tensift. From the brilliant gardens and fields stood out in dull relief the darker colouring of the miles of palm-groves, from amid which, near a few low solitary hills, one could catch a glimpse

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent writes that he was favoured last week, when cruising round the coast of Scotland, with a view of the "sea-serpent." The moment the name of this redoubtable monster is named, a derisive smile is apt to appear on the faces of the sceptical majority, who profess an utter disbelief in the existence of the "great unknown" of the deep. But the pages of *The Illustrated London News* in past days of themselves form a testimony to the reality of certain marine appearances such as no ordinary explanations can render plain as to their causation at least. The sketches which from time to time have appeared in these pages have beyond doubt represented, in each case, a something which was seen not by one person only, but by many witnesses, and among them by men accustomed, as sailors are, to make out the contour of objects at sea.

The sea-serpent topic, which is certain to crop up in what journalistically is called "the silly season," is, for me, solely a matter of evidence. What, I contend, we have already acquired is a solid body of facts, vouched for by men of the utmost respectability, and often attested on oath; and it is the business of science, in so far as it lies, to afford some explanation of the facts. If we reject the evidence of officers of her Majesty's Navy and of the mercantile marine, of educated men and women passengers on board ships, and of many other equally intelligent persons, then we can only take refuge in the astounding proposition that all men (and women) are liars, and that a special tendency to mendacity exists on the part of those who travel by sea. Many years ago I published in *Land and Water* and elsewhere a series of analyses of the evidence about the sea-serpent; and these attempts to formulate some clear zoological notions regarding the appearances chronicled, I republished in my volume entitled "Leisure Time Studies" (Chatto). Since the publication of my views on the "great unknown" I have found myself quoted as an authority on that topic in a manner which is embarrassing to a modest man. One of the last publications dealing with the sea-serpent—a very bulky volume, the work of Dr. J. Oudemans (Director-General of the Zoological Gardens at the Hague)—deals largely with my essay, although the learned author of the work just cited, does not agree with my views, and regards the sea-serpent practically as a big but as yet unknown species of seal.

My opinion of the sea-serpent topic, formed after a vast amount of threshing out the evidences of mysterious oceanic appearances, was (and is) that no one single animal can possibly account for the varied descriptions given of the "great unknown." On the contrary, I believe several animal forms, singly or in combination, must be taken into consideration in the attempt to solve the matter from the naturalist's standpoint. Thus, my correspondent who writes to me within the past few days describes the black glistening coils of a big sea-serpent, with a back-fin at intervals, and a white surface below. What he saw, I doubt not, is what most of us have often seen as a common marine experience—namely, a shoal of porpoises swimming in a line, and thus presenting for a time in their gambols the appearance of one big serpentine form. Here the appearance is as delusive, *quâ* the sea-serpent, as a flock of shags flying close to the water-line with an undulating movement, and conveying to an observer at a distance the idea of a snake-like form swimming on the surface of the sea.

Beyond these appearances come the records which demand the naturalist's attention—that is to say, cases where some huge single animal form has been seen disporting itself under a guise which may or may not have been of distinct serpentine nature. It is here, I contend, the idea that not one animal species, but several, may play the rôle of the "great unknown." I purposely exclude the late Mr. Gosse's hypothesis that some of the great sea-reptiles of the middle-age period of geology may still survive in the sea depths—creatures whose length may exceed forty feet, and whose fossil remains are displayed in our geological museums. The living and existing creation supplies us with an ample list of organisms out of which giant marine forms may be selected. I imagine, for example, that the ribbon and tape fishes, with their curious spiny back-fins and their habit of swimming on the sea-surface, will explain some sea-serpent tales; and no doubt also a big basking-shark has played its part as chief actor in other narratives. But my trump card is the giant cuttlefish of the *Loligo* or squid group. Here Mr. Henry Lee comes to one's aid, and sober science, with her records of huge squids measuring, body and arms, over forty feet long, establishes us in our expression of scientific faith.

The squid, be it remembered, has a body of a different shape from its cousin the familiar octopus. Its body is long and cylindrical, and ends in an arrow-shaped tail-fin; and as it swims along the surface of the sea, tail first, propelled by its hydraulic engine, in the shape of the water-jets emitted from its gills, with head and tentacles trailing after it and giving it a back-wash which exaggerates its length, it is little wonder that the big squid should present itself as a frequent representative of the sea-snake. Be it also remembered that, as a rule, people are not familiar with the squids, and that they may well describe a big animal of this kind, rushing through the sea at some distance off, as an unknown creature the like of which they had never seen—that is to say, they are unable to identify what can be seen of the animal. Besides, the fin or mane on the head and neck, which is so often described in sea-serpent stories, would be represented by the tail-fin of the squid, mistaken naturally enough for the animal's head as it shoots backwards through the sea. And if one of the big arms or tentacles should be lifted out of the water, this again would figure as the head and neck of the sea-serpent. If during their journeyings by sea any of my readers have witnessed any sea-serpent appearances, hitherto unpublished, may I beg of them to forward accounts of their experiences to me? I think of revising the more recent evidence at an early date, and I shall feel thankful for such details, on the principle of "the more the merrier."



A CORNER OF A SÔK, EARLY IN THE MORNING.

nothing for to-morrow so long as he has a few small coins for to-day. He is really a good fellow, bent upon enjoyment and adventure—the first usually an elopement with someone else's wife, and the second a cattle raid by night; and life in the mountains is well worth experiencing, without, of course, the elopement and the cattle-lifting. In the plains one sees nothing but grasping thrift—thrift, too, that brings no advantages, wealth that obtains no comforts, for the store of money is hoarded away and buried, only to be dug up when a few more dollars are to be added to the accumulation.

But I am wandering far from the road from Saffi to Marakesh. It was a weary three days, for the heat was terrific, and our baggage-animals suffered intensely from thirst, for water was scarce. What little there is consists of the collection of rain, which, if the season be a good one, is sufficient to fill the subterranean tanks, called "metfirs"; and on this limited and extremely dirty supply the natives manage to get through the summer. But after the particularly dry season of last year we found nearly all the wayside "metfirs" empty, and only by begging at the villages were we able to obtain a bucketful of water now and again to quench the thirst of our weary mules. So far does the water lie beneath the surface that there are few or no wells in these districts, while those in the tribe-lands of Dukala, further to the north, are of such extreme depth that camels are harnessed to the rope that raises the skin, and by this means water is brought to the surface.

We camped the three nights we spent on the road at Government "nzalas." These are mere collections of thatch huts by the roadside, where there is a large thorn "zareba" for strangers to camp or otherwise spend the night in, and grain for the animals is generally procurable at these spots. The villagers take it in turn to keep watch at night, and are responsible for any robbery that may occur, in return for which they levy a small sum on passers-by.

We saw on the road but one example of curious customs, and this was when our little caravan was brought to a standstill by the path being blocked by some half-a-dozen young Arabs, gaily dressed and mounted on handsome Barbs, gaudy with coloured trappings. These were a bridegroom and his companions, who, half by force and half in jest, levied a semi-voluntary contribution towards the expenses of entertaining at his wedding feast. A fine, handsome young fellow he was, and the little group, who joined us at our luncheon, were merry enough. They little thought as we sat together by the roadside and sipped the sweet Moorish tea that their entertainer was an "Infidel," for on asking me whence I came and all about myself, the invariable custom of the Arabs, I explained away my foreign accent by inventing far-off distant lands in the jurisdiction of the great Stambouli, Abdul Hamid, which more than satisfied them. After embracing the whole party in true Arabian fashion, we sought our different roads—they to continue collecting funds for the wedding, and we on our journey to the capital.

finest views that the world is supposed to boast—that from the mosque of Mehemet Ali at Cairo; the Golden Horn; Fujiyama in Japan; but with the exception of one or two in the mountains of the Yemen I know of none to compare with this. It is a scene as exhaustive as it is immense. All Nature's handiwork seems represented there. The plain, the river, the mountains, the city, the semi-tropical palm-trees, and the contrasting snow—an immensity of landscape, seen from a position such that the whole is presented at once, as it were a picture, but one which no mortal hand could paint. The natives with me saw nothing of this: their whole mind was bent upon pushing on to the city and enjoying the few gaieties dear to the Moor that it offers; while two who had never been so far before were anxious not only for the gaieties but also to pray in the tomb of the famous local saint, Sidi bel Abbas, whose name is a watchword in Morocco. So we climbed down the steep hills, and passing many a garden green with the tall stalks of maize and the feathery leaves of the palm, camped for the night a mile or two outside the city walls, so as to make our entry into the city early in the morning, preferring this course to arriving after dark.



A WELL AT SUNSET.

Pitching our tent in the "zareba" of a small "nzala," we bought some fowls, and, handing them over to the tender mercies of a kindly Arab lady of unfathomable age, saved ourselves the trouble of cooking our own supper, and rejoiced shortly before midnight in a huge dish of "kooskooso," the steamed wheat pellets of the country. Early next morning we struck camp, and the sun had not long risen before, passing among a multitude of gardens, through which a thousand tiny streams danced and sparkled, we entered the city of Marakesh by one of its seven crumbling gates.

(To be continued.)



IN A GONDOLA.

THE DUC D'AOSTA'S MARRIAGE WITH PRINCESS HÉLÈNE OF ORLEANS.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

Emanuele Filiberto Vittorio Eugenio Alberto Genova Giuseppe Maria, Duc d'Aosta, was born at Genoa on Jan. 13, 1869. He is a son of Prince Amadeo, Duc d'Aosta (who from 1870 to 1875 reigned under the title of Amadeus I. as King of Spain), by his wife, Princesse Maria Vittoria del Pozzo della Cisterna.

Although the reign of King Amadeus was a short one, he has left a lasting mark of his strong personality and fearless character upon the people of Spain. Even to-day, among the lower orders, and chiefly in the Republican provinces, he is invariably spoken of with respect. References to his abdication and departure are frequently met



THE LATE DUC D'AOSTA, AMADEUS I.,
SOMETIME KING OF SPAIN.

with the remark, "*Que lastimia! Era un hombre!*" ("What a pity! He was a man!") His first action on arriving at Madrid was typical of the man. Disdaining the royal carriages, though the day was bitterly cold, he rode at a foot pace, so that the people might see their King, going first to celebrate Mass, and then, before taking either rest or refreshment, to call on the widow of General Prim, who had been assassinated on the eve of his departure to meet the King at Carthage. King Amadeus had an ardent desire to become more thoroughly acquainted with the people, their mode of living, and their wants. It was his custom to go among his poorer subjects incognito, in his endeavours to find out and do away with abuses.

On one occasion the King was seated at a small café in Madrid. Having asked for cigarettes, which were some time in coming, an artisan at the next table offered him one, saying at the same time, "They are hardly worth smoking, but they are the best the Government supply us with." This remark led the King to look into the question of the quality and price of tobacco, which is a Government monopoly in Spain, and resulted in a reform of abuses the benefits of which are felt to this day.

The Princesse Maria Vittoria della Cisterna, Duchesse d'Aosta and mother of the present Duc, was considered one of the beauties of her day. Her skin was clear and pale, her profusion of hair dark and wavy. She has given to her sons the slightly aquiline cast of features so much admired in Italy. The vicissitudes of her husband's career preyed greatly on the mind of the Princess, and she is said to have suffered especially from the slights and intrigues of the Spanish Court during her husband's short reign.



THE DUCHESS D'AOSTA, MOTHER OF PRESENT DUC.

Both the late Duc d'Aosta and his wife were much beloved in Turin, where they entertained on a scale that was nothing short of regal, doing all in their power to benefit and encourage local industries and efforts in Turin and its neighbourhood.

Between the Duc d'Aosta and his two brothers, the Count of Turin and the Duc d'Abruzzi, there is a great family likeness. The Duc d'Abruzzi is considered by those who know him to be exceptionally clever, and he is expected to make his mark as a man of character and ability in the near future.

THE DUKE'S MILITARY LIFE AT TURIN.

In appearance the Duc is handsome and distinguished-looking, with dark hair and a pale skin—a colouring typical of Northern Italy. He is endowed with a gallant bearing and charm of manner which, in conjunction with his nobility of character, have earned for him universal popularity. The impression he made upon her Majesty the Queen during her last visit to Florence was a distinctly pleasant one, and both at Windsor and at Marlborough House he is a welcome guest and a favourite. Like his future wife, the Duc is devoted to sport and exceedingly fond of animals. He is a clever and fearless rider, and an exceptionally good whip. His handsome team and smartly turned out drag is a well-known sight in Turin. The Duc never looks more at home than on the box-seat or in the saddle. He has a deep-rooted pride in the noble traditions of the House of Savoy, which has led him to follow the footsteps of his ancestors in seeking a military career. From his mother, the Princesse del Pozzo della

Cisterna, the Duc has inherited a vast fortune, which will enable him to emulate the example of his father, who was always first and foremost in the furtherance of any benevolent scheme, and whose charitable donations were numberless and generous in the extreme.

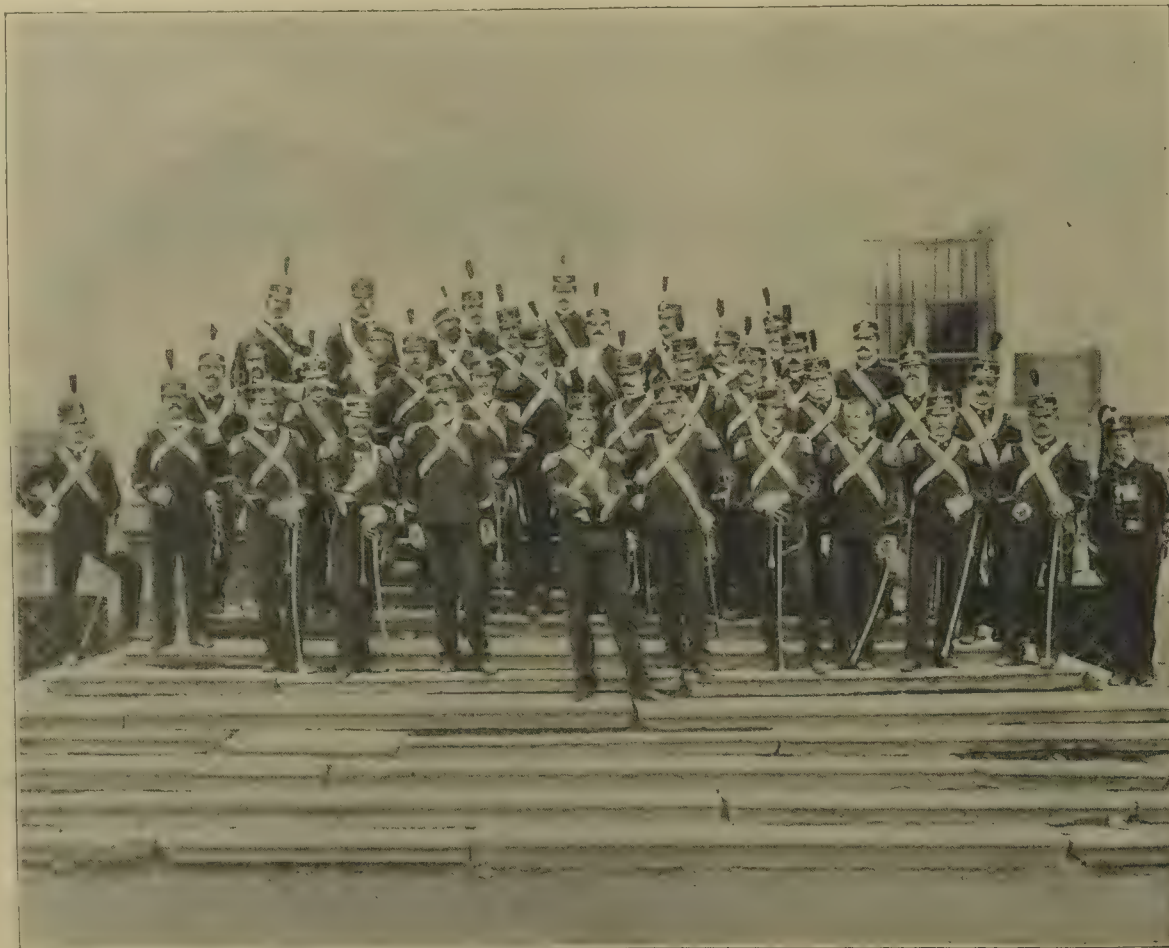
The Duc's feats of horsemanship are a source of great pride to his regiment, with whom he is a thoroughly popular colonel. Both officers and men are well aware that in the strict performance of his duties the Duc is second to none of them. He rises every morning at eight o'clock to visit his men in barracks, and is a thorough disciplinarian. On May 30 last, the anniversary of the victories of the Piedmontese artillery at the battles of Goito and Pischiera, in



THE COUNT OF TURIN, BROTHER OF THE DUC D'AOSTA.

which the 5th Regiment (of which the Duc is colonel) took a most prominent part, the little town of Venaria, near Turin, wore a very festive appearance; for the young Duc d'Aosta entertained on that day the Princesses of the royal family, as well as all the members of the aristocracy of Turin, at the military ceremony of the presentation to the regiment of its old colours, which had hitherto been preserved in the Royal Armoury at Turin. The colours were inscribed with the battles of Pischiera and Goito, and are ornamented with two silver medals obtained at the battle of Sforzesca in 1849, and also with a gold medal won by the regiment in 1859. Few who were present at this military entertainment will ever forget the scene. The Duc d'Aosta, always a courteous and hospitable

host, looked radiant with happiness as he presided over the banquet given by himself and the officers of his regiment in honour of the royal Princesses, and received from every side congratulations upon his approaching marriage. Before the guests left for Turin, the officers of the regiment presented their colonel with an album illustrated by their own sketches and photographs, which chronicled graphically all the Duc d'Aosta's doings during his service with them. I learn from one who saw the volume that it was quite a work of art both in the contents and the binding and finish. Before leaving Venaria the Duc paid a visit to the men of his regiment, who were entertained at his expense to a dinner, laid out under an avenue of trees. From Venaria Reale the Duc then drove to the railway station, and left by train for Paris to meet his intended bride and her mother. Here the sincerest congratulations awaited the young couple, who are in every way so well suited to make each other happy,



THE DUC D'AOSTA AND HIS BROTHER OFFICERS OF THE 5TH REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.

not only because their affection is mutual and sincere, but because in age, tastes, and station they are so much alike.

FUTURE HOME OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS.

When it is remembered how many circumstances may arise to change the plans of the Duc d'Aosta and his bride, it will



THE DUC D'AOSTA.

Photo by Bettini.

be realised that to predict their future movements with any certainty is impossible. It has, however, been decided that as soon as the Prince and Princess can conveniently proceed to Rome they will do so; and every preparation is being made at the capital to give them a hearty welcome. A series of splendid fêtes and receptions will be given in honour of the young couple, in whom the King and Queen of Italy are greatly interested, and who, apart from the fact of their proximity to the throne, are exceedingly popular in Italy. From Rome it is reported that the Duc will take his bride to the Castello la Mandria, near Venaria Reale, Turin. This large property formerly belonged to King Victor Emmanuel, and is an extremely valuable and picturesque estate.

It is not generally known that the young couple intend to reside at Mandria for a time; but it is necessary for the Duc to do so, in order that he may be near his regiment. The headquarters of the 5th Regiment of Artillery (of which the Duc d'Aosta is colonel) are situated at Venaria Reale, which is noted for the military riding-school founded by King Charles Felix in 1824. This school has attained great renown, and there is no doubt that it is owing to the thorough instruction received at Venaria that the Piedmontese cavalry have added so frequently to the list of laurels of which they are so justly proud. Like all his family, the Duc d'Aosta is a thorough soldier at heart, and allows nothing to stand between himself and his military duties. The Palazzo Cisterna, in Turin, was inherited by the Duc from his mother. It was here that the entertainments for which the family were noted took place on a scale of magnificence especially designed to benefit the trade of Turin.

It is generally accepted in Italy that the ultimate destination of the Duc and Duchesse d'Aosta is to be Florence, where the impression created by the young soldier upon all classes of society has been an extremely favourable one. Should this intention be carried out, the young couple will take up their residence at the famous Pitti Palace. As soon as the Duc has completed his more active military duties he will be promoted to the rank of a major-general, and there are few who know of his untiring work in the army who are likely to grudge him the well-earned honour.

DAYRELL TRELAWNEY.

Mr. Cowen's opera, "Harold," has been slightly amended by the composer, to its improvement. It was repeated with excellent effect on June 21 before a large audience. Madame Albani and Mr. Bispham again succeeded in giving as good an account as possible of their respective rôles, but the tenor vocalist did not seem very well suited, possibly from nervousness.

BOOKS WE HAVE STUCK IN.

BY ANDREW LANG.

It is a lady who suggests the topic, "Books we have stuck in." She herself frankly admits that the "Pilgrim's Progress" (Bunyan's) is one of these books. She stuck in it. She never emerged from the Slough of Despond, or perhaps Giant Despair "bottled" her in Doubting Castle. The land of Beulah she has never seen, nor had the most distant view of the Delectable Mountains. I cannot forgive her.

The remarks of the lady cited pricked my own literary conscience. What books have I stuck in? Let the reader put to himself the same question if he is anxious to humble his spirit. I do not speak of mere modern books, in which we all stick blamelessly, and "swatter out" (kailyard style) on the home side of the bog. I stuck three times in "The Black Arrow," but perseverance and a stay at a Highland lodge where there were no other books but "The Black Arrow," enabled me to get to *finis*. As my admiration for the author of "The Black Arrow" is boundless, there can be little harm or offence in naming a few other books in which I have stuck. I stuck in "The Manxman," also in "The Bondsman," in "David Grieve," in "The Heavenly Twins," not getting deeper into the bog than page the first. I was "stogged," as Devonshire folk say, in "The Egoist": I was tripped up by a man's leg, about which there was a great deal of very witty writing. In "Diana of the Crossways" I became clogged and encumbered, getting out on the home side. In another novel of the most conscientious industry I was bogged about page 87: the name need not be mentioned, as I would be the last to discourage other pilgrims. I was bogged in "Dombey and Son," in "Little Dorrit," in "Our Mutual Friend," in "The Light that Failed," in "Dawn," and in "Count Robert of Paris"; also in "Villette" and "The Professor." Nobody can say

that I fail to persevere with only one kind of novel. It is not the *genre*, but the heavy going of the individual masterpiece, which does for me. "The Portrait of a Lady" has resisted my best efforts to penetrate far within the land, and there is a book of Miss Braddon's in which I stuck. Of these misadventures one is neither proud nor particularly ashamed. Not everybody can read the same modern novels. We should have a tolerant sympathy for each other's taste or lack of taste. We should remember that when we have said, "It may be excellent, only I can't read it," we have not criticised nor crushed the work in question. We have only illustrated our own limitations. It is not enough not to be able to read "Pickwick." We should also be humble as regards our inability. Why should I be proud of my sticking in any of the books already mentioned? Or am I proud of daring to say that I have stuck, when a more craven soul would conceal the fact from his conscience and from the world? Yet this audacity is a very common virtue, especially in one's male relations, and old school or college friends. "Well, old cock," they cry, "so you've brought out another book? Very deep and learned, I daresay; hanged if ever I could read any of your things, any way." And the dog returneth to his *Sporting Times*.

Now, I argue that this kind of person has really no solid ground for pride, and none of us are much wiser than he when we denounce a book because we stick in it. The fault may be ours, not the book's. "Don Quixote" is a masterpiece. Granted. But I have often stuck in it, and so did Alexandre Dumas. If anyone can

read right through the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, *he* has something to be proud of, but the surface of that epic is crowded with "the bodies and the bones of those who strove in other days to pass," and stuck in it! Sir or Madam, have you read all the poems of Dante? Have you ever gone through "Paradise Lost" "from kiver to kiver"? I decline to make any confession on this point, but I have many a time stuck in "The Lord of the Isles"; also in "Rokeby." As to "The Faery Queene," I doubt if anybody ever did read all of it in our day, except Mr. Saintsbury. "Endymion" (Keats's) very few have read through; the task is not impossible, but it is most toilsome and dismal. That most readers stick in "Don Juan" and "Childe Harold," I am tolerably assured; many fail to penetrate "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and, of course, "The Anatomy of Melancholy" is not meant to be read in a dull plodding manner from end to end. There be those who have read all through Tolstoi's and Mr. W. D. Howells's most earnest outpourings, but these men and women must unite a strenuous habit of application with great natural gifts for study. They should devote themselves to nothing more frivolous than pastoral theology, and Mr. Balfour's book about religion and scientific characters must be child's play to them. I admit that I stuck in it, also in the "Enneads" of Plotinus, and the complete works of Picus, Earl of Mirandola, and in many novels of M. Zola.

We should not be proud of sticking in books, but neither should pride compel us to go on with them, if we are not entertained. I *could* read Mr. Balfour's book, I am nearly sure, for I have read the works of the late Mr. T. H. Green, and "The Secret of Hegel," and other very difficult treatises. But that was for the Schools, not for pleasure, and I am convinced that I entertain just as great a contempt for "science, falsely so called," as if I had read all Mr. Balfour's dissertations. It was not that I *could* not do it if I liked, but, if it is superfluous to preach at a converted character, it is superfluous for a converted character to sit under the most eloquent preacher. That is the worst of books on science and religion; you agree with them already and do not need them, or you differ, and then no argument can convince you. You only sit down and pen a reply, which no editor wants to publish unless you are an eminent biologist, brewer, politician, soap-boiler, comic actor, soldier, or the like.

Finally, whenever we stick in a new book, we owe it to ourselves to re-read a good old book, and I have often thought seriously of making another journey into "The Faery Queene."



PRINCESSE HÉLÈNE D'ORLEANS (DUCHESS D'AOSTA).

Photo by Varney.



IN AN ALBANIAN BAZAAR.—BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

OPENING OF THE KAISER WILHELM CANAL BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.



MR. GLADSTONE REPLYING TO THE BURGOMASTER OF HAMBURG'S SPEECH ON BOARD THE "TANTALLON CASTLE."

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

"This most singular and striking possession by the educated inhabitants of Hamburg of the English language, which they use in a manner leaving no scope at all for the critical faculty to be brought into the question, is, in my opinion, not only a qualification, but an assurance and pledge of a deep fraternal sentiment."

OPENING OF THE KAISER WILHELM CANAL BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



MR. GLADSTONE MEETING THE KING OF DENMARK ON BOARD THE "TANTALLON CASTLE": FACSIMILE SKETCH.



PIPING TO DINNER ON BOARD THE "TANTALLON CASTLE."

OPENING OF THE KAISER WILHELM CANAL BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.



IRONCLADS OF ALL NATIONS IN THE BAY OF KIEL DURING A THUNDERSTORM.

OPENING OF THE KAISER WILHELM CANAL BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

THE NIDRE, MODEL OF OLD WAR-SHIP.

THE HOHENZOLLERN.



THE "HOHENZOLLERN," WITH THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON BOARD, COMING OUT OF THE CANAL: H.M.S. "ROYAL SOVEREIGN" SALUTING.

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OPENING OF THE KAISER WILHELM CANAL BY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.



THE KAISER'S YACHT, THE "HOHENZOLLERN," LEADING THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE CANAL.



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"Who best can suffer, best can do."—MILTON.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul—I would answer, with Lassus, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—LORD LYTON.



FROM THE LATE REV. J. W. NEIL,
Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.

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"To J. C. ENO, Esq.

"J. W. NEIL."

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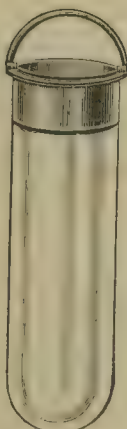
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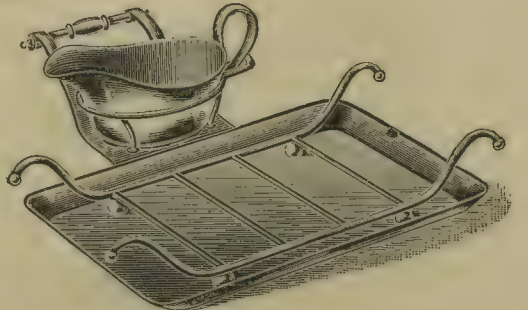
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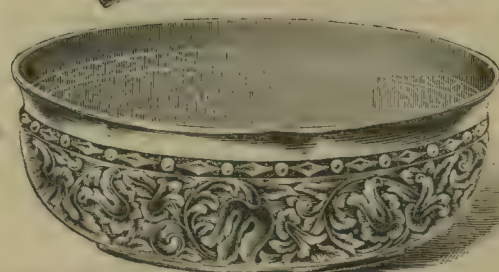


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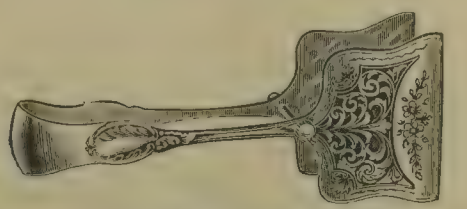


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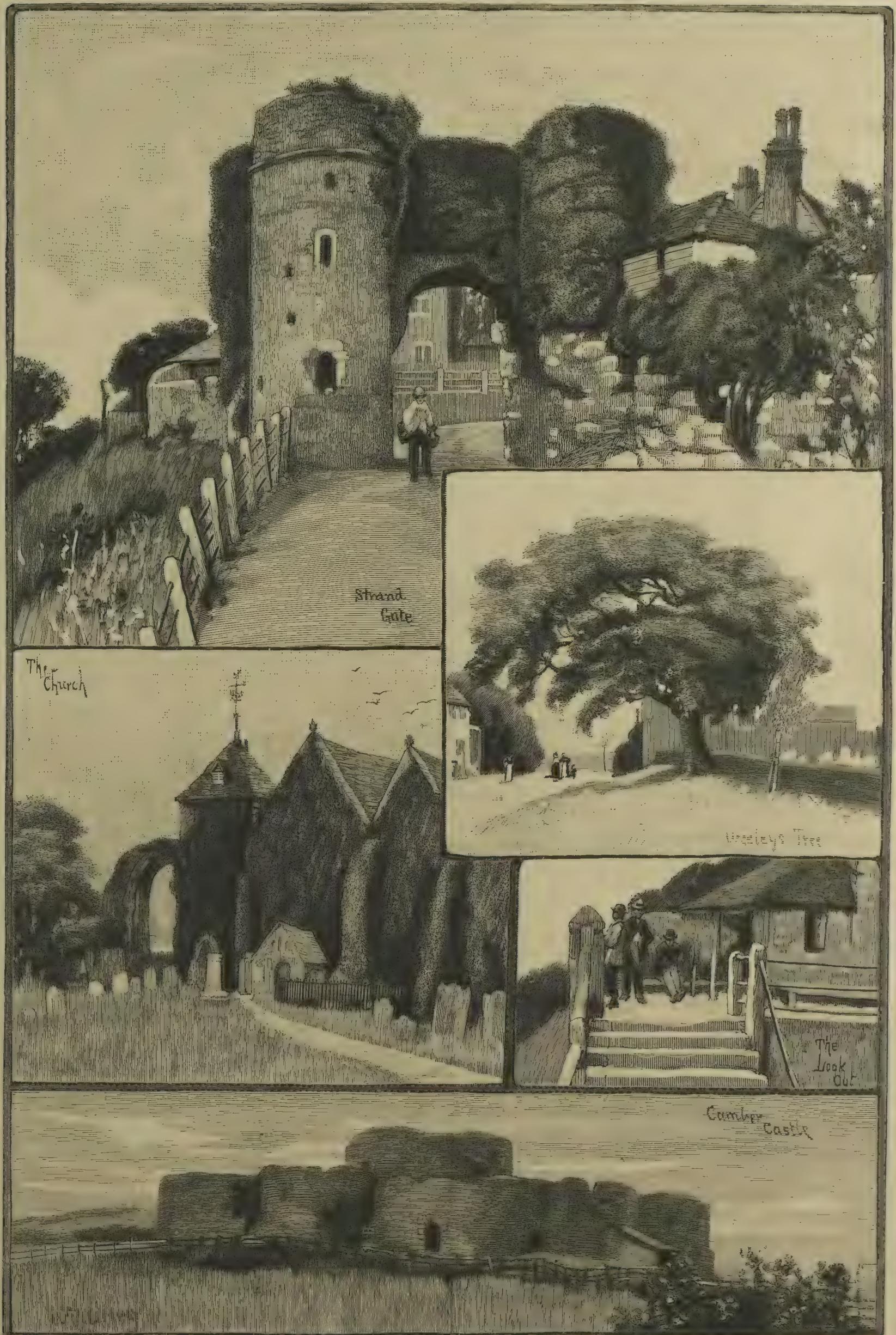


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LITERATURE.

TURNER'S "PORTS OF ENGLAND."

The Harbours of England. By John Ruskin. With thirteen illustrations by J. M. W. Turner. A new edition, edited by Thomas J. Wise. (George Allen.)—The output of the earlier writings of Mr. Ruskin still continues, but the piece of work, or rather Mr. Ruskin's share in it, that is now before us, though early, cannot, we are glad to say, be described as immature. It was written forty years ago, under circumstances which Mr. Wise, the present editor, fully narrates in an intelligent and well-informed introduction. Mr. Wise, if not actually the possessor of a certain letter that he quotes from Mr. Ruskin *père*, has taken careful cognisance of it, and he puts us in possession of its contents. It was addressed to Mr. Williams, long the confidential literary adviser of the great firm of Smith and Elder, and practically the discoverer of Charlotte Brontë. In it the father of that great master of English, of whose writings *il est question*, informs Mr. Williams that the text of the "Harbours of England" was written in obedience to a suggestion from Mr. Gambart, who wanted a few pages in illustration of Turner's prints. "John agreed, and wrote the text when poorly, in the spring of 1855, at Tunbridge Wells." And very charming text it is, and creditable, we are sure, to anybody, even in the possession of the robustest health, though whether quite so much of eloquent comment was required as Mr. Ruskin furnished may be open to doubt. It is interesting to learn that he received for his literary contribution not the moneys first spoken of as an honorarium, but two fine Turner drawings: nor, even from the financial point of view, was he unwise in doing so. The issues of Mr. Ruskin's text, made before that which is now before us, having naturally become exhausted, we cannot blame a good commercial bookseller like Mr. Allen for republishing these still not uninteresting and not uninteresting comments; and certainly, as far as the literary part of the matter is concerned, he could not have called to his aid anyone better qualified to be useful, through reverent attention and an exact habit of mind, than Mr. Wise.

But when we come to the artistic part of the matter, we must needs be more guarded in our praise of the present publication. Indeed, we do not honestly know that we can give it praise at all. Mr. Wise himself praises it, and does so, assuredly, in the purest good faith; but then Mr. Wise is not an expert in Turner prints, and to those who are any suggestion that these present woolly photogravures—worked upon or not worked upon by Mr. Allen—are for one moment comparable with the mezzotints of Lupton, after the drawings of the master, must, of course, appear grotesque. This we take occasion to say with the utmost plainness. And we will even go further, and tell the book-buyer frankly that not only in the present, but in no comparatively recent issue, can he hope to see these compositions in the state in which he ought to see them. The fact is that the text and the plates to which they refer are *never* to be seen favourably together, and never can be. When Mr. Ruskin first began to be concerned with the matter, the plates—or the best of them—had already lost their first freshness. The six finest out of the dozen then issued had seen the light thirty years earlier; for, though it was but forty years ago that "John," "poorly," at Tunbridge Wells, did the literary work for an enterprising publisher, it was all but seventy years ago that (to give the thing its proper, original title) "Ports of England"—the six noble mezzotints of Lupton, after Turner—was first spread abroad. We are, we confess, very little in sympathy with the perhaps not altogether disinterested popularisation, or vulgarisation, of these splendid compositions. Turner's work, to be properly seen, must be seen in the state in which he meant it to be. Without that it is not really seen at all—without a perfect impression the work of Art does not exist—and, accordingly, those who cannot possess, or cannot get access to, the issue of 1826, 1827, and 1828 (for the thing appeared as a serial during those years) will never really see the "Ports of England."

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

AN ALLEGORY.

God and the Ant. By Coulson Kernahan. (London: Ward, Lock, and Bowden.)—In his preliminary "Apologia" for this little volume Mr. Kernahan asks pardon for the "somewhat impudent slenderness of the matter," but the quality of the allegory is so convincing and complete that it would be ungenerous to cavil at the lack of quantity. Mr. Kernahan, after the manner of the inspired imaginer of Christian's Progress, sets forth his story "in the similitude of a dream," in which he saw the end of the world. But though the million millions of the dead were gathered together it was the Creator that was called to the bar of judgment. The people cried out to heaven in bitter complaint of the misery of human life and of the injustice of the inexorable Divine Law; but a woman rose up from them and rebuked the blasphemers. "Can the ant," she said, "creep up into the brain of man to see man's world as man sees it? Yet has man, whose whole world is in the eyes of God but as one ant in a universe, thought to creep into God's brain, to see as He sees, to think as He thinks, and to judge the omnipotent One by man's little laws." After she had spoken the "impenitent thief," who had hung on a cross by the Saviour in the hour of the Great Sacrifice, gave testimony of the mercy he had obtained at the last moment of his life; his words made the people tremble, and they would fain have asked for forgiveness, but Satan uprose and mocked them. "And as the mocker so spoke, I saw in my dream, as I looked upon that vast assembly, that ONE was standing in their midst, of whose coming none had been aware—One whose features were the features of a man, but whose face was the face of God." And



SWARM OF LOCUSTS AT DELAGOA BAY, EAST AFRICA.

Mr. R. Ottley, of Cabo Submarino, Delagoa Bay, East Africa, writes under date May 20—"I forward you a photograph of a swarm of locusts which have settled here during the past week and done immense damage to the mealie crops, young plantations of oranges, mangoes, and blue-gums, stripping them of every leaf and breaking down large branches measuring 6 in. in diameter with their weight. The accompanying photograph shows trees covered with locusts and with their branches broken. This flight of locusts is by far the biggest ever seen in these parts, covering the land for miles."

the Christ made answer to the people, "Did you indeed think, beloved, that while you were suffering and sorrowing on earth, I, your elder Brother and Saviour, could rest content in the bliss of heaven?—that I ceased to share your sorrows when my earthly life was at an end? . . . Said I not unto you that, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world?' . . . But now that end is indeed accomplished; now are the powers of darkness for ever overcome; now is death, the last enemy, destroyed; and now render I up the Kingdom to my Father, that God may be all, and in all." The dreamer awoke, and looked out of his window to see the sun rise upon the great city in which he dwelt. Above him he saw the golden cross that is held aloft by the dome of St. Paul's. "And as I looked, the rays of the low-lying sun broke forth behind the brooding and cross-crowned dome, casting the shadow slantwise, and thrown out into vast proportions, across street and square. Below me, in the street, hurrying to their work, I saw pass and re-pass haggard men and careworn women; but in every face I saw the sorrowful face of Christ; and over the great city—yea, over God's whole world—I seemed to see resting the shadow of a Cross." Mr. Kernahan states that the embryo of the whole matter was an actual dream; but it is a dream that could only have come to a man possessed of an intensely imaginative brain, and it could only have been written down by one who has, as Mr. Zangwill once said, a "capacity for sustained silence and genius for poetical and spiritual allegory." Mr. Kernahan's style is unvaryingly earnest and full of reverence. The term "prose-poem" would seem to be exactly applicable to this book were it not that it is so often used as a synonym for English that is neither good poetry nor good prose.

A LITERARY LETTER.

In the July number of *Longman's Magazine* Mr. Lang makes a timely protest against the constant reiteration of the prices obtained by certain authors for their work. "One might wish," he says, "that less were said and written about the financial side of authorship; perhaps then there would be less barefaced, blatant advertisement of certain authors." Mr. Lang will, no doubt, soon be asked for names: we have heard so much of the greedy authors; now we shall want to know who are the self-advertising ones.

The continual and ever-growing interest which the world takes in the writings of Charlotte Brontë and her sisters may perhaps be gathered from two little pamphlets which have just reached me. One of them is entitled "Haworth, the Home of the Brontës," by Claude Meeker, and the other is called "The Influence of the Moorlands on Charlotte Brontë," by Butler Wood. They are both of them interesting presentations of a personality of which one never seems to weary. The novels of Charlotte Brontë hold a stronger position to-day than when they were written, more than forty years ago. One wonders what will be the fate of the work of most of our living novelists forty years hence.

There is little in Mr. Thomas Hardy's writings, fascinating as they are, which suggests the influence of Dickens; and this makes his first literary production seem the more interesting, for here there are many Dickens touches. This first appearance in print was in *Chambers's Journal*

for 1865, and the subject was "How I Built Myself a House." One may laugh very heartily over the humorous situations involved in that experience. Mr. Hardy was doubtless writing by the light of his knowledge as an articulated clerk to a well-known architect. It was not till many years later that he built his present charming residence in Wessex.

Would a statue to Cromwell recall the massacre at Drogheda with all its ruthless barbarities? There are some who think so. Should it not also recall the fact that the victims were not the Gael, but English settlers, and even Englishmen born in England? I have already asserted this and have been asked for my authority. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy cannot be charged with an undue partiality for Cromwell's methods, yet in his "Bird's-Eye View of Irish History" he takes care to note this point. Having described the

massacre, which lasted for some days and destroyed several thousand human lives, he adds: "Among the garrison was an English regiment, commanded by an English Cavalier." Their nationality, however, did not appeal to Cromwell, who regarded them as Royalist foes, and slew them, *sans phrase*.

"Drogheda," continues the writer quoted, "always lay within the English pale." Now, the English pale in Ireland resembled somewhat the English province in France, the towns of which were garrisoned and inhabited chiefly by Englishmen or by their descendants. In Ireland "the native Irish were long forbidden to inhabit a walled town," and hence in Drogheda "the traders and citizens were almost without exception . . . of English blood." Sir C. G. Duffy says, "Catholics of English blood," but there were undoubtedly many staunch Protestant loyalists there as well. It follows, therefore, that the victims of the massacre at Drogheda were a regiment of born Englishmen and a population of men, women—and, alas! of children—nearly all of English blood.

When we discover that Irishmen in these days resent so deeply the very memory of that massacre, it makes one reflect; for it shows that there is here no question of race-hatred. Be English of blood or of birth as you may, once you are comrades in the same cause, they make your fate their own. It has been the unhappy policy of English rule in past days to repeat the rôle of Saturn, and to devour its own children when settled in Ireland. It is interesting enough to find the Irish Gael sympathising with the victim-children.

C. K. S.

THE CHITRAL CAMPAIGN.

From Photographs by Lieutenant R. L. Tottenham, 25th Punjab Infantry.



THE KHAN OF DIR AND HIS SUITE.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"Adieu, canaux, canards, canaille!" exclaimed Voltaire when he left Holland. While I am writing this the festivities in connection with the opening of the North Sea and Baltic Canal are drawing to a close, and I would willingly imitate the author of "La Pucelle," who (the Maid of Orleans) has been dragged into the proceedings by the heels, as it were, by the French, for no earthly purpose, as far as I can see.

For by this time one is somewhat tired of the canal itself, though by no means blind to the importance and advantage of the new waterway from the standpoint of civilisation. This weariness of the subject has been mainly caused by the more than ordinarily foolish behaviour of the French. One is tired of their *canards*—in the figurative sense, one is tired of the Paris *canaille*—*canaille*, in spite of their wearing broadcloth and fine linen, in spite of their education.

Two courses were left open to the Government of the Third Republic. They could have refused the invitation of the German Emperor to be present at the opening of the canal, just as Germany refused to participate officially in the doings at the Exhibition of

FORT SADU, WITH THIRD BRIGADE OF 25TH PUNJAB INFANTRY,
UNDER GENERAL GATACRE.

1889, or they ought to have accepted the invitation in the spirit in which it was given—namely, in a friendly one. They did neither. They elected to play the death's-head at a feast, to continue the rôle which Bismarck told Generals Reille and de Wimpffen on the morning of Sept. 2, 1870, France had played towards Germany during the last two centuries.

The most ardent admirer of France, the most inveterate detractor of Bismarck, is bound to acknowledge the prophetic justice of Bismarck's words and views on that occasion. But it was in France's power to belie them. Other nations have suffered reverses before now, but they have borne them with dignity. Nay, the very ground which the canal traverses was wrested from Denmark with the aid of Austria. Austria received her reward for her aid at Königgrätz, Denmark remains despoiled for ever. Yet King Christian and Emperor Francis Joseph, whatever their private feelings may be, sent their ships to the fêtes, and did not instruct their representatives to enact the wet blanket. Do the French imagine for one moment that a Hapsburg and a Glücksburg are less alive to their dignity than they, the French, are to theirs? It would appear so, but assuredly the French are mistaken.

No one would blame the French for not abandoning the hope to recover Alsace-Lorraine one day. It is an ambition which no man with his heart in the right place will condemn. The gamester who has lost part of his estates to a fellow-gamester has a right

to propose another game; he has no right to accept an invitation to that estate and sit sulking in his bed-room, refuse to appear at dinner, and announce his intention of coming to the ball and not dance, as the French have done. They had a right to nurse their resentment, but not at Kiel. They should have remembered to themselves—not openly—that this same Kiel was occupied by one of their armies eighty-one years ago, and instead of being angry at the English playing the "Wacht am Rhein"—I am quoting *Le Gaulois*—have repeated the strophes of Alfred de Musset—

Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand.

Où le père a passé, passera bien l'enfant.

More pleasant is it to turn to the sensations some of our best informed naval officers must have experienced at Rendsburg, at Kiel, and in Schleswig-Holstein generally. They were visiting the cradle of their race, for "for the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ the one country which bore the name of England was what we now call Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula which parts the Baltic from the northern seas."



PRISONERS AT DIR.

Thus wrote Green in his "History of the English People." And it is gratifying to reflect that the ruler who has accomplished a great feat in "Old England," as the historian calls it, is himself half an Englishman.

THE CHITRAL CAMPAIGN.

By June 19, it was announced, Lieutenant Harley and one hundred men of the gallant 14th Sikhs Regiment had arrived at Malakand Pass on their way home. The Sikhs were warmly greeted, as, indeed, their valiant and valuable services entitled them to be, and Lieutenant Harley was also welcomed. His action during the campaign in blowing up one of the enemy's mines has been much praised. Our Illustrations include a very good likeness of Sher Afzul, who might be correctly termed *fons et origo mali*. This crafty man was certainly responsible in a great measure for the commencement of the trouble of Chitral, which has cost so many lives to suppress. In fine contrast to him, we have a portrait of the Khan of Dir, whose services to the British forces were so freely offered and bestowed at a critical time of the campaign. Readiness was only one of many qualities possessed by this statesmanlike Khan. Another Illustration which may be regarded with interest is Fort Sadu, the name of which was frequently mentioned in the later records of the war. As to the retention of Chitral there is a great variety of opinions. On one aspect of the question there is, however, agreement, and that is the costliness of maintaining the fort in due strength. Its strategic value is a subject now occupying the anxious consideration of military authorities in India and at home.



SHER AFZUL AND HIS ATTENDANTS.

A GARDEN FÊTE IN THE GROUNDS OF OTTERSPOOL HOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

Photographs by Moull and Morrison, Liverpool.

ENTRANCE OF THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR, IN "THE RIDDLE," A PASTORAL PLAY ADAPTED FROM CHAUCER BY PROFESSOR RALEIGH.

In the sacred cause of charity there is always "some new thing." For months beforehand the energetic Liverpool Ladies' Association for the Care and Protection of Young Girls has been busy in preparing for a novel gala, which combined picturesqueness with philanthropy, and on Wednesday, June 19, the public had an opportunity of enjoying their handiwork and of aiding a good cause. The fête was held in the delightful grounds of Otterspool House, not far from the city of Liverpool. Mr. John Brancker opened the proceedings in a brief speech, apologising for the absence of the Countess of Lathom, the president of the society. There were five stalls filled with various magnets to extract money from the purses of the visitors. In the afternoon sunshine a parade of flower-trimmed mail-carts

formed a pleasant variation. The children who took part in the procession looked prettier than the carts, and this is saying much. Twice on each day, too, there was a performance of the Chaucer play, the feature of the fête. The *mise-en-scène* is the Court of King Arthur, and everything possible had been done to render the pastoral play interesting to watch. The King was Mr. T. C. Gotch, the well-known artist; Miss Anna Fowler posed as the Queen, attired in Liberty silk; Miss Edyth Fowler was the bewitching Witch; Mr. Norman Heywood played the rôle of Sir Pharamond with becoming dignity; Mr. E. Rathbone was a capital Sir Eglemour; Mr. Threlfall was an amusing Court jester; and the other ladies and gentlemen did their duty equally artistically. One could

write much of the really beautiful costumes and processions, which owed their success to Mr. Anning Bell, Mrs. Gotch, Mrs. Raleigh, and Miss Lister, while the dances by Miss Jessie Noble were extremely effective. Principal Rendall, who opened the fête on its second day, gently rallied—the pun is unintentional—Professor Raleigh, the librettist, saying that a stall-holder had informed him that the play had been written by Sir Walter Raleigh! The entertainment was organised by Mrs. Grayson, Mrs. Rendall, and Mrs. Place, with Miss Grayson as secretary, and, it is hoped, will have realised the amount which was required. All the ladies and gentlemen who worked so hard for the success of the fête deserve congratulations on their efforts on behalf of such a good object.

The Queen King Arthur
(Miss A. Fowler) (Mr. T. C. Gotch).The Witch Sir Pharamond
(Miss E. Fowler). (Mr. N. Heywood).

SCENE FROM "THE RIDDLE."



THE RETURN OF TORELLO.—JAMES CLARKE HOOK, R.A.

Illustrative of Boccaccio's story of Signor Torello, an Italian gentleman, who having in his journeyings been captured by the Turks and detained a long time from his home, returns at last to find his fair young wife about to be again wedded. He sits as a guest at the marriage feast, unrecognised by his wife, till having startled her by a winecup which he has handed to her with a ring which he had placed in it he gravely uncovers his head and reveals himself to the astonished bride.

ART NOTES.

The Dutch Gallery (Brook Street, Hanover Square), which is one of the latest competitors for public favour, has so far justified its existence by bringing together the pictures of artists who would otherwise have failed to obtain the recognition they deserve. The proprietors, Messrs. van Wisselingh, have, however, promptly recognised that Dutch art, however attractive, could not be alone represented in their gallery; and after having afforded an opportunity to the Messrs. Sickert to show the tendencies of modern Anglo-Germanic art, Mr. Mark Fisher, an American by birth and French by sympathy, is now called upon to prove that the impressionism of the two brothers was preceded by that of one who had studied drawing and painting in the old school before he allowed himself the latitude which the disciples of M. Manet claim for themselves. It is fully twenty years ago since Mr. Mark Fisher's rich-toned luminous landscapes attracted admiration at the Grosvenor Gallery. His methods were keenly criticised, but the value of his work and the brilliancy of his palette were fully recognised. Since then he has steadily progressed in public esteem, and few painters, it is admitted, can paint with greater force and glow the beauties of an English landscape. The thirty pictures here brought together, although separated by some years, practically show the maturity of Mr. Mark Fisher's powers, and however much one may be disposed to think that he sees in a landscape more colours than meet the eye of the ordinary observer, we cannot deny the wonderful luminousness and depth of his scenery; the quivering light he throws over the trees and cattle or sheep basking in the midday sun. Such pictures as "The Road to the Valley" (9), "Chestnut Blossom" (23), "Milking-Time" (15) are marvellous in their atmospheric effects. On the other hand, few will be ready to accept without demur the rich purple tones of the tree-trunks as seen against the "Snow in Winter" (19), or admit that when trees are leafless the sky will permit such vivid reflections as seen in "The Moated Farm" (7). These are, of course, extreme cases, in which the artist has led the observer of nature somewhat astray; but as a rule, Mr. Mark Fisher seems to be accurate as well as poetical in his renderings of rich meadow country. He may be, to English eyes, unconventional; but he is always attractive, and never vulgar or pedantic. It is, however, especially as a colourist that Mr. Mark Fisher stands apart from the ordinary mass of landscape painters. He is essentially a "colour-searcher," and although his discoveries are occasionally startling, it is impossible to challenge their possibility under special conditions—such as the artist may have enjoyed.

Birmingham, as is well known, has long since taken up its place in the foremost rank of those provincial centres where art is honoured and rewarded. Its museum and art gallery have already acquired a distinction which Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow may rival, but do not overshadow. Although scarcely more than twenty-five years have passed since Messrs. Tangy's generous offer moved the Corporation to erect a permanent museum, it now contains a valuable assortment of objects, the majority of which have some bearing on the industrial arts. Hitherto the contents of the museum have been only imperfectly catalogued, and the publication of a handbook of the permanent collection became a necessity. This work was taken in hand by Mr. Whitworth Wallis and Mr. A. B. Chamberlain, who have compiled a practical and illustrated guide to the contents of each gallery, with a special view to the processes employed by the workers to whom the various specimens are assigned, and the periods in which they were produced. By this means descriptions of stone-work, bronze-work, glass, enamels, and jewellery are kept distinct, and the student or working man is enabled to follow out his special subject of interest with something like method and completeness, passing from one example to another in proper order of time or place. As may be expected, the Birmingham Museum is especially well provided with specimens of metal-work or jewellery belonging to all times and to all nations; and the historical sketch of the development of these branches of art is full of valuable information, succinctly told, and in a way to stimulate the desire to learn more. Coming down to quite modern times, the compilers of the catalogue attribute to the Gothic revival, at once the cause and consequence of the High Church movement of 1837 and onwards, the sudden development of Birmingham metal-work under John Hardman; and in like manner the "Orientalism" of more recent times has had an equally marked effect upon this local art industry.

Mr. Onslow Ford's equestrian figure of Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn is certainly an addition to our public statues, but whether it will meet with general approval is another question. With the distinctive pose and martial dignity of the group there is no fault to be found. Mr. Onslow Ford has treated the stern martinet—for such Lord Strathnairn on more than one occasion showed himself to be—with as much sympathy or insight as he displayed in his treatment of a very different leader of men—General Charles Gordon. The question especially raised by this most recent addition to our street-Walhalla is whether the introduction of gilt accoutrements, gilt horse-trappings, and gilt feathers is either artistic or suitable to our climate. With the melancholy instance of Mr. Gilbert's fountain, surmounted by an untarnishable figure of Fame, before our eyes, we may well doubt the survival of Lord Strathnairn's golden decorations beyond the winter. Possibly many will be pleased to see the glittering bands and feathers assume a less obtrusive place, or permit a soberer view of the statue itself. But neither November fogs nor January snows will modify the obvious and permanent drawback to the work. For some reason—probably known only to the local authorities—the pedestal is so cramped and narrowed that half the dignity of the figure is lost, and the idea is conveyed that the rider is carefully conducting his horse along a narrow ledge of rock, from which a fall on to the neighbouring cab-stand is imminent. This is not Mr. Onslow Ford's fault, and one must sincerely sympathise with an artist who has to see one of his best works treated with such scant appreciation by the municipal authorities.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W P HIND.—We trust the new problem will prove correct.
G F SCOTT (Brisbane).—The three-mover is marked for insertion. The two-mover, we regret, is hardly up to our standard.
CHEVALIER DESANGES.—If Black play 1. K to K 6th, White can continue by 2. Q to Kt sq (ch); and B mates. Again, if 1. K to B 6th, 2. Q to Q 3rd, or B 4th (ch), and 3. either R or Kt mates. We think you had better lay this position aside for a time.
F WARD.—Thanks for letter and enclosures. The first move of your three-mover problem is correct, but the position is seriously marred by duals. For instance, if Black play 1. K to B 4th, then 2. Q to K 7th (ch) or Kt to Kt 7th (ch) etc.
J L STRAIGHT.—(1) Your problem is altogether too simple for our use. (2) We cannot return rejected positions.
S P PAVRI (Bombay).—Your problem seems sound, and it shall appear in a few weeks' time.
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2659 received from E C Uthoff (Mungindi, Queensland); of No. 2666 from Trimbak Ganesh (Jhansi); of No. 2668 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2669 from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2670 from E G Boys, G Douglas Angas, and W D Mead (Hoylake); of No. 2671 from Robin H Legge, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), E G Boys, E B Ford, J A B, Herbert Filmer (Faversham), Ubique, J Bailey (Newark), Castle Lee, and C M A B.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2672 received from T G (Ware), L Desanges, R H Brooks, Martin F, F W C (Edgbaston), T Roberts, T R Cattermole, E Loudon, C E Perugini, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), Dr F St, P Waller (Luton), Z Ingold (Frampton), T Leete (Sudbury), Alpha, E E II, W Wright, Emile Frau (Lyons), F Ward, Robin, H Legge, G Douglas Angas, Meursius (Brussels), P Daly (Clapham), C M A B, W R B (Clifton), W A Barnard (Uppingham), A W Messer, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), R Worters (Canterbury), W E Thompson, Walter Lewis (Swansea), W R Raillie, F C R Norton (Bradford), Oliver Icingia, M A Eyre (Folkestone), Shadforth, P B Matheson, H Rodney, Julian Hott, W J Stanfield (Leicester), and G Barton.

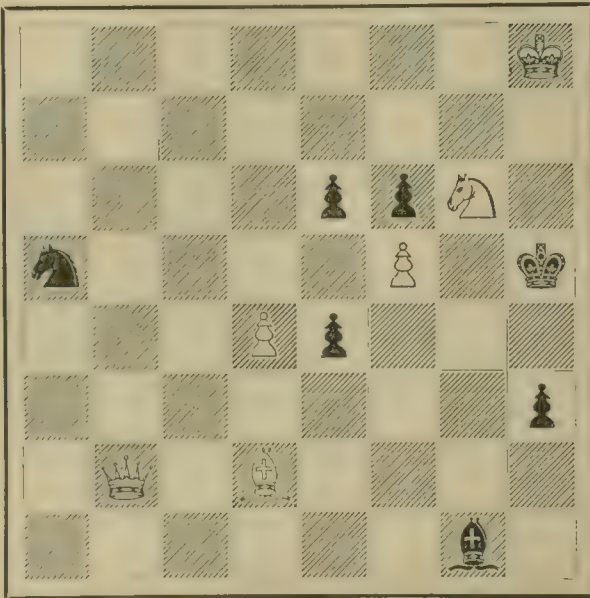
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2671.—By REGINALD KELLY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 8th K takes P (at B 6th)
2. B to Q 4th (ch) K takes R
3. Kt to B 7th. Mate.
This problem can also be solved by 1. P to B 7th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2674.

By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. J. S. RYAN and S. LIPSCHUTZ.

(Four Knights' Game).

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. R to K Kt sq	B to Q 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	With all his forces well directed, the result is merely a question of time.	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	18. Kt to K R 4th	P to K 5 (dis ch)
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	19. P to K Kt 3rd	P takes P
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	20. Q takes P	Q R to K sq
6. Castles	Castles	It should be noticed that this move was necessary for the fine after-play, besides being generally effective.	
7. B to K Kt 5th	B to K 3rd	21. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to B sq
8. B to Q Kt 5th		22. B to B 2nd	Q to Kt 4th
A good deal of time seems lost at this point.		23. P to K B 4th	
9. Q Kt to K 2nd	Q Kt to K 2nd.	A perfectly natural move. To exchange Queens leaves both Knights attacked, one of which must be lost.	
10. B takes Kt	P takes Q B	24. P takes Q	R takes Kt (ch)
11. B to R 4th	K to R sq	25. Q takes R	B takes P (ch)
12. P to K R 3rd	P to Q 4th	26. R to Kt 3rd	R takes R
The best way of dealing with dilatory tactics.		The finish from this point will be highly appreciated.	
13. P takes P	B takes P		
14. P to Q B 3rd	R to K Kt sq		
15. K to R 2nd	Q to K B sq		
16. Q to Q 2nd	Q to Kt 2nd		

A prize problem in the Chess Monthly Problem Tournament.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

White: K at K sq, Q at Q B 4th, B at Q R 3rd; Kts at K B 3rd and K R 5th.
Black: K at K B 4th.
White to play and mate in three moves. Solutions will be acknowledged.

A remarkable blindfold performance was given by Messrs. Lawrence and Curnock at the Bohemian Chess Club on June 15, when they played six simultaneous games against each other without sight of the board. At the end of the contest one game had been actually won by Mr. Lawrence, and one was awarded to him by adjudication, the rest being drawn. In this novel match the play was singularly correct, the only slip being that by which the game scored was lost.

The Craigside Tournament was won by Mr. E. O. Jones, of London, who also took first place in the handicap. Among the players were the Rev. J. Owen, and Messrs. J. H. Blake, Herbert Jacobs, and E. Wilmot.

In Vol. XII. of "Morgan's Shilling Chess Library," Mr. P. H. Williams has published a selection of his chess problems composed during the last four years. The author's skill is well known to students of this column, and although we could wish there was on the part of composers generally a little less desire to rush into print with problem pamphlets, the collection is on the whole a very fair one. Copies can be had from the author at 14, Willoughby Road, Hampstead. The price is one shilling.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Temperance ladies held a whole series of meetings in the week between June 17 and 22. Seven hundred came to London that week from all parts of the kingdom as delegates to the annual council of the British Women's Temperance Association, and over one hundred and fifty others had crossed the seas as delegates to the biennial meeting of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union. They held two large public meetings—one at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, and the other at the Albert Hall—both of which huge buildings were filled to their utmost capacity. But even more interesting were the conferences, in which there were not long set speeches, but more freedom and many brief and business-like addresses. The wide scope of the interests touched upon, and the clearness and conscientiousness with which they were regarded, were alike remarkable. The leading spirits of the meetings, Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Frances Willard, are both women of "magnetism," as well as of intellectual ability. They can therefore charm and attract, as well as judge and argue; and the power that they exercise is thus the legitimate outcome of natural gifts. They have, both in America and England, been the leaders in persuading the women pledged to total principles to regard all moral and social reform questions, and not that of drink alone, as coming within their range of action. Hence, a considerable share of the time at these meetings was given to discussions and resolutions on subjects other than total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. The American association, indeed, seldom speaks of itself and its members as "temperance" women; they call themselves "White-Ribbon Women." They wear a little bow of that material as a badge, and it pledges them to total abstinence, but not to that alone—it is distinctly understood that they are to cast their influence in favour of any movement that they resolve to be for the good of humanity. Hence resolutions about the Armenian massacres, lynching in America (in connection with which the American delegates cleared Miss Willard from some imputations that have been cast on her as not being ardent against negro lynching—but it was a work of supererogation, for nobody could seriously believe that this loving, noble-minded woman would be indifferent to the cruelties of torture inflicted on even the guilty, and to the injustice of lynching possibly innocent men without trial), the presence of women on County Councils and the placing of women voters on equal terms with men in local government, and so on, were introduced, as well as resolutions in favour of the Local Veto Bill, condemning the sale of intoxicants to children, and others on purely "temperance" work.

A resolution in favour of the restrictions on women's industry and wage-earning power had been put down by one of the women associated with the Socialist propaganda, but as it could not be brought forward before a very late hour, the conference refused to vote on it at all. This was the proper course, as time failed to allow of its being fairly discussed; but whenever this matter has been fully laid before an audience of women they have protested against legal restrictions being put on the power of the poorest and weakest of their own sex to earn their bread, and that view has (happily for thousands of poor washerwomen) prevailed with the Grand Committee of the House of Commons, which has rejected the Bill's proposals to dictate to the poor widow conditions that will exclude her from the competition for work carried on with her by the big steam laundry companies. The proprietors and managers of the latter are unanimously in favour of the Bill as Mr. Asquith brought it in, just because they know that it will crowd out the poor home washerwoman; and Sir Charles Dilke actually quoted the damaging approval of the Bill by these "large" men as a reason why it should be carried, whereas it is really an argument against it.

Women have done very well in the Cambridge Tripos examinations. In mathematics there is, indeed, only one woman "Wrangler," Miss N. Thring, who is placed between twenty-two and twenty-three on the Wranglers' list; and several other girls have taken mathematical honours of a rather lower scale. But the chief successes this year are in other directions. In the Moral Sciences Tripos, in Part II., there are but two names in the first class—Miss B. E. Meyer, of Newnham, and Mr. Amos, of Trinity. In Part I. of the same examination there are in the highest place two ladies and one man—one of the girls being Miss Ramsay, the cousin of the Miss Ramsays who was Senior Classic a few years ago; the other lady in the same class is Miss P. M. Jemmett. Distinguished honours are also gained by women students in the mediæval and modern languages, the historical, the Oriental languages, and the classical lists. An interesting page of portraits of these "Honours Women" is given in the *Lady's Pictorial* of June 22. It presents a series of agreeable, gentle young faces, as womanly and pleasant as they are intellectual.

There is a particularly objectionable complaint at present in season and known as hay fever. It embitters to those subject to it the sweetest time of all the year. It is caused in some obscure way by the emanations from the newly made hay. The symptoms are in mild cases like those of a common cold, and in the more severe cases actually as bad as that most distressing of complaints, asthma. I have had sent to me with excellent credentials a little apparatus for the prevention and treatment of hay fever. It is called "Midgley's Spray Producer," and is designed to easily syringe the nostrils and back of the throat with a solution sent with it of cocaine. This it is averred, with good evidence, is absolutely efficacious in preventing the oncoming of hay fever.

The large number of ladies who make a point of purchasing all that their families need at Messrs. Peter Robinson's periodical sale must make a note of the fact that this year the summer sale is to last only for a fortnight, beginning on July 1. The success of the sale in other years has cleared out the "season" stock so quickly that a fortnight suffices. As the great house at Oxford Circus is always noted both for the completeness of its stock and its moderate prices, and as further liberal reductions are made in every department for the summer sale, it is an opportunity not to be neglected by economically minded ladies. Sale catalogue is sent by post on application.

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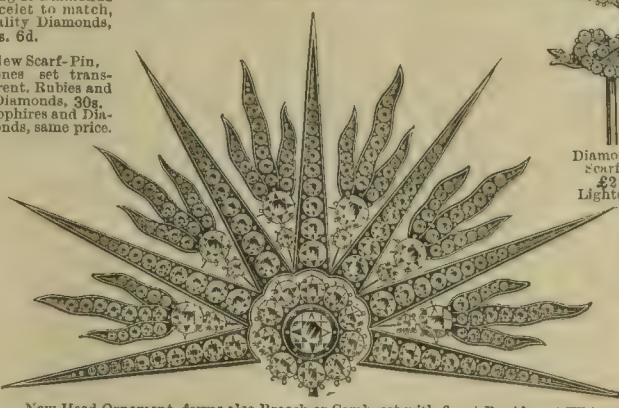
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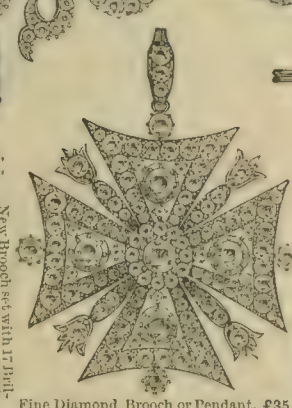
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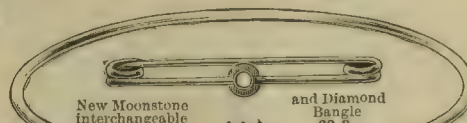
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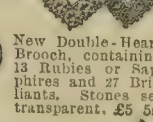
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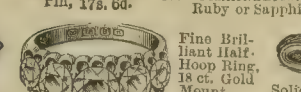
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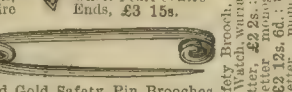
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1886), with a codicil (dated Aug. 27, 1894), of Mr. William Barneby, D.L., J.P., of Clater Park and Saltmarsh Castle, Herefordshire, who died on March 9, was proved on June 12 by the Rev. David Nicholl, the Rev. Charles Uppley Bower, and the Hon. Charles Lutley Slater Booth, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £189,429. The testator devises the Oldcastle estate, in the parish of Oldcastle, Monmouthshire, and the parish of Walterstone, Herefordshire, with the advowsons of the livings of Oldcastle and Walterstone, and the Clater Park estate, in the county of Hereford, to the use of his second son, Philip Bartholomew, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to their seniorities, in tail male; and Saltmarsh Castle and estate, with several advowsons, and the residue of his real estate to the use of his eldest son, William Theodore, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to their seniorities in tail male. The plate, pictures, books, and furniture at Saltmarsh Castle and Clater Park respectively are to go and be held and enjoyed therewith as heirlooms. All his stock in the public funds of the United Kingdom, and all other his stocks, funds, shares and securities he leaves upon trust to pay £600 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Katharine Anne Barneby, during widowhood, and subject thereto to divide the same between his children, so that their proportions of the income may be £2100 per annum to his eldest son, £1400 per annum to his second son, £400 per annum to his daughter Mary Katharine, and £500 per annum to his daughter Olive Charlotte. There are considerable legacies to executors, godchildren, agent, servant, butler, and others; and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his children in equal shares. The testator recites in his will that by his marriage settlement a jointure of £400 per annum is secured to his wife, and £4000 is charged on certain of his estates as portions for children.

The will (dated May 25, 1892), with two codicils (dated June 6, 1892, and March 1, 1895), of Mr. Lawrence Birch, J.P., Clerk of the Journals of the House of Peers, 1873-84, of Fisherton, Delamere, Wilts, who died on March 28, was proved on June 1 by Henry Pryor Powell, Robert Seymour Whalley, and George Levinge Whately, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £30,497. The testator bequeaths £2200 each to his children Cecil Lawrence, Mabel, Rosamond, and Hilda; £2300 to his daughter Lucy Madeleine; £200 to his son Francis Julian; £8000 upon trust for his son Cecil Lawrence, and £7000 each upon trust for his said four daughters; but his said son and daughters are in consideration thereof to give up their interests under his marriage settlement. There are also many specific bequests to children, and legacies to executors and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his son Francis Julian.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1893) of Mr. Alfred Quare, formerly of Boulton, and late of Bath Villa, Maidenhead, who died on May 15, was proved on June 11 by Ambrose

Gorham and Arthur Edward Savill, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £21,331. The testator gives £3000 to his friend Ambrose Gorham; and the rest of his property, real and personal, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Louise Quare, for her own absolute use.

The will (dated June 28, 1894) of the Rev. William Fellowes, of Mangreen Hall, Norwich, who died on May 1, was proved on May 28 by Evelyn Napier Fellowes, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £19,444. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Leicester Endowment Fund of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital; all his investments in American breweries and other companies to be divided between his nephews, James Fellowes and John Fellowes, in the proportion of three fourths to the former, and one fourth to the latter; and legacies to other members of his family, and others. He appoints his nephew James Fellowes residuary legatee.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Lady Jane Anne Wilhelmina St. Maur, of Wrestlingworth, Bedfordshire, who died on May 4, intestate, a spinster, without parent, brother, or sister, were granted on June 13 to Lord Percy St. Maur, the nephew and one of the next of kin, the value of the estate amounting to £19,029.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Lucy Peile, of 3, Upper Phillimore Gardens, Campden Hill, who died on Jan. 19, were proved on May 15 by Sir James Braithwaite Peile, K.C.S.I., and Major William Moore, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,918.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. John Stunt, Lord of the Manor of Gillingham, of Twydall House, Boxley Heath, Kent, who died on March 11, intestate, a widower without child, were granted on June 10 to Walter Charles Stunt, the nephew and one of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8193.

The will of Dame Agnes Wingate, of 4, Observatory Gardens, Kensington, who died on Oct. 18, was proved on June 7 by Captain George Miller Wingate, the son, Colonel William James Wemyss Muir, and the Rev. William Morris, the executors, the personal estate amounting to £8548.

The will and codicil of the Hon. Marcus Piers Francis Caulfeild, C.B., formerly of the Admiralty, Whitehall, late of the Common, Redhill, who died on April 15 at Mentone, were proved on June 17 by the Hon. Gwyn Louisa Caulfeild, the widow and surviving executrix, the personal estate amounting to £7712.

The will of Mr. Robert Henry Lord, J.P., of Broomfield, 215, Chorley New Road, Bolton, Lancashire, who died on May 10, was proved on June 14 by Robert Lord and Adam Hampson Lord, the sons, and Ernest Knowles, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6507.

The annual conversazione of the Society of Arts is always a pleasant affair; and it was not surprising that more than two thousand persons responded to the Society's

invitation on June 19. South Kensington Museum is splendidly adapted for a brilliant evening party, and the guests had ample provision for whiling away the evening in the stately halls and corridors filled with priceless treasures. Major-General Sir John Donnelly, K.C.B., Chairman of the Council, and other distinguished gentlemen "received" the visitors in the central corridor; and thereafter they were free to wander at will. Concerts by the band of the Royal Artillery and the Red Band drew to two courts crowds larger than those frequenting the Courts in the Strand. A capital concert, which revived many favourite glees, madrigals, and part-songs, was given in the Lecture Theatre under the direction of Mr. Stanley Smith, and Miss Teresa Blamy sang to an appreciative though fleeting audience. In the East Architectural Court, under a suspended curio which was waggishly said to be the skeleton of a merry-go-round, the Royal Criterion Handbell Ringers manipulated dexterously and musically their bells, and Master Stock sang sweetly. Mr. Harry Tipper's rendering of Mascagni's too-popular "Intermezzo" was enthusiastically encored, and Miss Maggie Purvis likewise was applauded. Every detail in the evening's entertainment was discreetly and successfully arranged, and the refreshments were on the customary hospitable scale.

Strawberries have been both plentiful and good this summer, and it is a remarkable sight to witness the detrainees each morning at Waterloo of thousands of baskets of the fruit. In many cases it has become the custom to sell strawberries by the acre before they are picked, the buyer taking his chance of making a good bargain. Now that Ascot week is over the prices of other delicacies of the season are substantially lower.

Cricketers will be glad to see George Lohmann once more bowling and batting. The Surrey man has returned from South Africa, looking in particularly good health, and there is a prospect of his resuming his profession. It remains to be proved whether he can be more successful than the other county bowlers, who are finding it very hard work owing to the excessive heat. This season has been essentially a batsman's season, and not many striking records have been yet gained by bowlers. Surrey will welcome George Lohmann's return all the more heartily because he arrives at a time when the county seems bound to retain the championship.

The Shahzada was very much impressed by the parade of cycling volunteers on June 22. It was, in truth, a very pretty spectacle, the sunshine lighting up the scene with a brightness equalled only by the glint of the cycle spokes. As has happened in the case of other Eastern potentates, the unarranged items in the Shahzada's programme have pleased him the most. He is unaccustomed to our punctual routine, and prefers to consult his own wishes rather than other people's convenience. Nasrullah Khan is learning, however, that "Punctuality is the courtesy of princes," and has lately surprised his hosts by arriving even before the time fixed. The heat has tried him and the members of his suite, strange as it may seem to us who imagine all other countries to be warmer than Great Britain.

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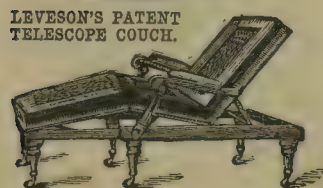
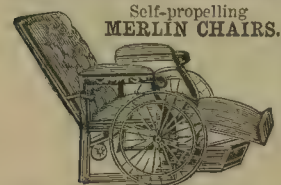
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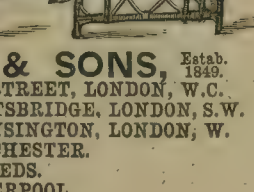
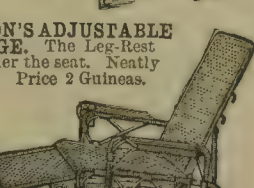


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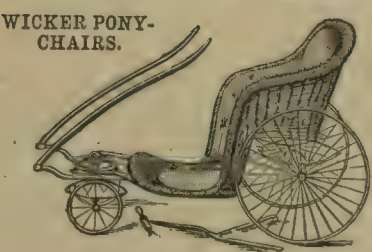
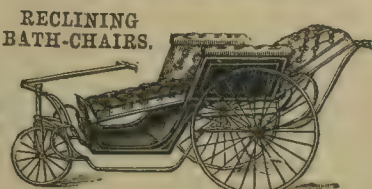
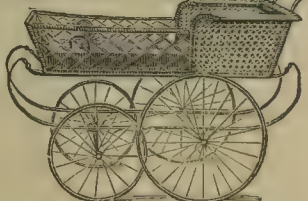
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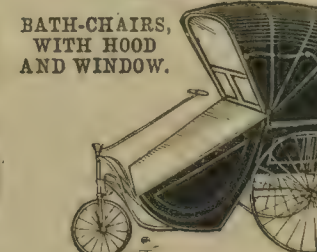
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

By her brilliant performance in "Fédora" Mrs. Beerbohm Tree has established her right to be considered one of the most important actresses of the day. No one has worked harder to secure that position, and it has often seemed strange to me that an artist of such marked intelligence should have been asked to "play second fiddle" to many obviously inferior to her in talent and power. At the Court Theatre many years ago, and when comparatively a novice; at the St. James's Theatre, during the Haro and Kendal management, by many a striking and excellent performance; at the Haymarket, where Mrs. Tree showed us the best Ophelia of our times; and now by her Fédora, this most interesting actress will hush the continually repeated cry that we have no actresses of the first class. Nervousness apart, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree's rendering of the difficult character of Fédora is a very fine one. Not only does she look distinguished and wear her dresses with ease and distinction—a task the mere amateur can never accomplish on the stage—but she shows both variety and power. The first act, restless, impetuous, womanly, and with an underlying affection, is singularly good; the second at its close would bear more powder still, more acting, in fact, of which Mrs. Tree need never be afraid, for it is acting we want in Fédora; the third act only suffers from a lamentable ante-climax, which drops the excitement at its vital moment; and as to the last act, it is by far the best shown by any Fédora since Bernhardt, the original. Here both Mr. and Mrs. Tree were at their best, and I am sorry they had no opportunity of showing it in America, where Mrs. Tree was considered quite as good as Jane Hading, whom she very much resembled in style. I hope to see Mrs. Tree shortly in some strong, original, and powerful character. The close of the first act in "Fédora" and the death-scene at the last show that we have in her an artist of great capability and of whose cleverness there is no question.

I have very excellent authority for stating that the prevailing idea, to the effect that although a cordial welcome to London is extended every year to foreign artists of every country and every class there is very little reciprocity from the other side, is not founded on fact. Putting America outside the question, because the interchange of plays and players is in this case constant, cordial, and complete, it is still erroneous to suppose that the great capitals of the Continent are indifferent to the conspicuous advance of English dramatic art. Take Paris, for instance—the one capital that for years looked upon English acting as a myth, and with the rare exception of Charles Mathews, who played "L'Anglais Timide" ("Cool as a Cucumber") in French at the Variétés in 1863, and, also in French, "L'Homme Blasé" ("Used Up") at the Vaudeville in 1865, with conspicuous success, has cold-shouldered most English artists from the days of Macready until now—it is gratifying to hear that this same indifferent Paris has followed up the distinguished compliment recently offered to Sir Henry Irving by the

Sociétaires of the Comédie Française by a very definite proposal that the popular manager of the Lyceum should, as the Frenchman says, give our neighbours "a taste of his quality" in some of his most distinguished characters. In fact, I am assured that there is not a capital in Europe that has not made the most tempting and gratifying offers for the appearance of Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum company.

The difficulty of accepting such offers is purely a commercial one. The expenses of any Continental tour on the princely scale of the Lyceum would cost more money than any Continental theatre could provide in takings. It is well known that English companies cost, as a rule, seventy-five per cent. more than foreign ones, so that only a manager who was a millionaire could possibly transfer a Lyceum play to Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or St. Petersburg. Sir Henry Irving is anxious that it should be known that the present brilliantly successful series of revivals, constituting his next American repertoire, was no afterthought, but a deliberately prearranged plan of action. There are repeated requests for some more performances of "King Arthur," which realised £4000 by its last ten performances, and these requests will probably be gratified before the season is over, while the success of the triple bill in so large a theatre as the Lyceum is proved by the fact that £310 was handed over as the result of the benefit for the Actors' Benevolent Fund.

We are to see next month, probably at the Strand, "a chip of the old block." That excellent actor and delightful comedian, John S. Clarke, who has too long retired, and whose return to the stage would be most welcome, is naturally anxious to give us the latest example of hereditary talent by showing London John S. Clarke's double in his clever son, Wilfred Clarke, who has made a great reputation in America. One distinguished American critic did not hesitate to say, "It is scarcely sufficient to say that his acting is like that of John S. Clarke, for as a player he is his father." And now for a happy thought. Why should not the memorable example of Liston and the younger Charles Mathews, to say nothing of Edmund and Charles Kean, be followed, and a play chosen which would permit father and son to act together—the old and young stager? I have it: "The Comedy of Errors," with the elder and younger John S. Clarke as the two Dromios. That would draw all London, and we have not seen a good revival of Shakspeare's comedy since the days of the brothers Webb at the Princess's. But at any rate, we ought to see John S. Clarke the elder in a round of old English comedies.

It has been suggested that the strong objection taken to the proposal that the Henry Irving memorial should take the form of a statue at the end of Wellington Street, Strand, lay in the fact that no statue is ever erected to a living man. In curious contradiction to this gratuitous assumption there is already a life-size marble figure of Irving as Hamlet, which was once exhibited at the Royal Academy, and now belongs to the Guildhall Gallery. And I should like to know what loyal city exists without a statue of her Majesty Queen Victoria. Besides, to my

certain knowledge, there is a statue of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone outside Pow Church.

The directors of the Nottingham Theatre have luckily secured the services of Mrs. Bernard Beere as the star of a very important tour in the provinces. Mrs. Beere, whose Fédora is not likely to be forgotten by any who witnessed this brilliant *tour de force*, is a natural candidate for such parts as Trilby or Magda in prospective London programmes, but meanwhile Mr. H. Cecil Beryl has recognised the value of a powerful and experienced actress, whose Peg Woffington has long ago been stamped with the hall-mark of success, and who will play for the first time in England Adrienne Lecouvreur, the character in which she so delighted the playgoers of Australia. Mrs. Bernard Beere's country tour starts on Aug. 5, and attached to the company will be Miss Gwendolen Floyd, a niece of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, who followed in the footsteps of her accomplished relative so successfully as Ophelia in "Hamlet."

I mentioned just now the success of Charles Mathews in Paris, but it should not be forgotten that it was in the teeth of great prejudice against our popular actor. Mathews, when at the Lyceum, had mixed himself up with the international copyright controversy which raged fiercely in 1851 and 1852, and took the part of the French play-pilferers. He ridiculed the case of the French authors in his lightest and airiest style; told them that they did not know what they wanted; that England was beneath their notice; that the folly and indecency of French plays rendered them an unmarketable commodity, and that the French ought not to be such money-grabbers. To which Charles Reade retorted in his old vigorous style in a pamphlet called "The Eighth Commandment"—in which he declared that the Lyceum was doing very well on two French legs, "The Game of Speculation" (Mercadet), and "The Prince of Happy Land," and described the pamphlet of Mathews as "a sprightly tract, sensible here and there, downright funny everywhere, and supernaturally illogical." And yet Charles Reade was not wholly indebted to French plays and French novels for his masterpieces.

But Sarcey never forgot the discussion, and after praising Mathews for his brilliant acting, added, after reminding him that the English version of "L'Homme Blasé" was produced at his own theatre: "Ought not Mr. Mathews to tell his countrymen that it is shameful that the English theatre should make immense sums of money out of our pieces and not account for a penny to our authors? that the translator of 'L'Homme Blasé' should have put thirty thousand francs into his pocket, while Messrs. Duval and Lausanne have not received a sou? If Mr. Mathews, in return for the welcome we have given him, will plead the cause of our *vaudevillistes* on the English stage, we shall think ourselves too well paid for our hospitality." So that, as years have gone on, it is not extravagant to surmise that the discovery of the English stage by France dates from the prompt cash payment of Old England, and the fact that nowadays we are "sending coals to Newcastle."

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Pen and Pencil Sketches. By H. Stacy Marks, R.A. (Chatto and Windus.)—These volumes, animated throughout by a touch of genial Bohemianism, are in pleasant contrast with the majority of "Reminiscences" of contemporary celebrities and not-abilities with which we have recently been flooded. Mr. Marks has not only artistic talent, but a literary faculty which enables him to tell us a good deal about himself and at the same time to make us know something about those with whom he lived and with whom his work brought him in daily contact. We learn more from these pages about the life at Leigh's, the attraction of Frederick Walker, the humour of Charles Keene, and the ways and doings of the St. John's Wood "clique" than we could gain from a dozen laborious attempts to describe the lives of these artists in solemn biographical form. Mr. Marks's style has a freshness and "go" about it which might surprise those who were not personally acquainted with his genial, social ways, and as he is at once free from priggishness and false shame, he tells in very attractive fashion the story of his struggles, and with no less modesty the success of his efforts with pencil and pen. The secret of that success was steady application to work, for however much he enjoyed fun and jesting, both as a student and as an artist, he never allowed the pursuit of pleasure to interfere with the demands of work. Another feature which distinguishes these volumes from other "Reminiscences" is that they brim over with characteristic sketches by the author himself, by F. Walker, Charles Keene, J. E. Hodgson, R.A., and a host of others who lived and travelled and worked together for many years. Mr. Marks was for some time an art critic, and

it must be allowed used his opportunities not only with discretion but with forbearance. Few men with such opportunities would have refrained from occasionally saying "smart" or even bitter things about their contemporaries' work. Of such pettiness, however, there is no trace in any of those articles which he has republished in these volumes. On the vexed question of how far the reproduction of works of art by illustrated papers and catalogues benefits artists, Mr. Marks is more outspoken, and while admitting that sweet are the uses of advertisement, he cannot but recognise that the freshness, and consequently the interest, of artists' work is forestalled by the prompt appearance of facsimile drawings in cheap periodicals of any kind. The question is too personal to be discussed in these columns, but we willingly admit that Mr. Marks put his views temperately and good-temperedly.

The English edition of Professor Furtwängler's *Masterpieces of Greek Art* (London: William Heinemann) is ample evidence of the increasing interest displayed by the present generation in classical studies. This sumptuously illustrated volume proves, moreover, that for the artist as well as for the archaeologist the traces of the works of Pheidias and his immediate successors are of the utmost value to those who wish to grasp the Greek ideal of beauty at the moment of its highest development. Earlier generations had produced works which have special interest for students of archaeology and mythology; but it was not until Pheidias had arisen, and been allowed to display his powers on the friezes of the Parthenon, that the full meaning of Greek art became visible. Since the days of Perikles, however, more than twenty centuries have passed, bringing with them not

only ruin and destruction, but often meaningless renovation of the marvels of the golden period of Greek art. It has been one of Professor Furtwängler's aims to disentangle the true from the false, and to reconstruct, so far as is possible, from the scattered but authenticated fragments the sculpture of the age of Perikles. The Lemnian Athena of Pheidias, the Diomedes of Kresilas, the Diskobolos and Marsyas of Myron, the Meleager of Skopas, the Hermes of Praxiteles, and the Dionysos of Euphranor, are a few of the famous works on which Professor Furtwängler has exercised his critical and at the same time constructive powers. While fully recognising the value of the investigations of those who have preceded him, Professor Furtwängler does not allow his gratitude to obscure his judgment, and he brings to his aid the results of the most recent discoveries to support his theories. The period thus travelled over in this volume embraces the most flourishing epoch of Hellenic art, and by means of copious illustrations the student is able to follow with accuracy the movement to which Perikles and his enlightened contemporaries gave such valuable impulse. In two supplementary chapters Professor Furtwängler discusses at some length the world-renowned statues of the Venus of Milo and the Apollo of the Belvedere, and to ordinary readers these are not the least interesting features of this attractive volume. Miss Sellers, to whom the translation and editing of the German original are due, has carried out the latter with judgment and taste. It is to be regretted, however, that in her translation she not unfrequently displays an unnecessary self-effacement in the involved Teutonisms of the learned Professor. In previous works, Miss Sellers has shown her appreciation of the *netteté* and precision of French writers, and it is to be regretted that she has not applied their methods to the present work.

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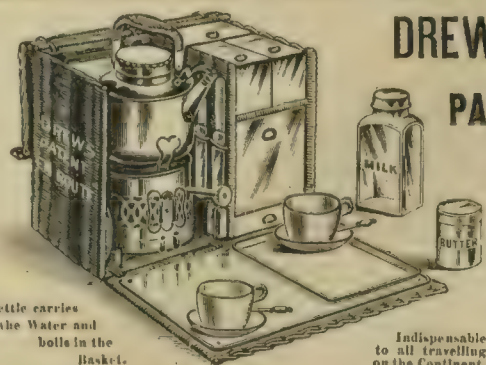
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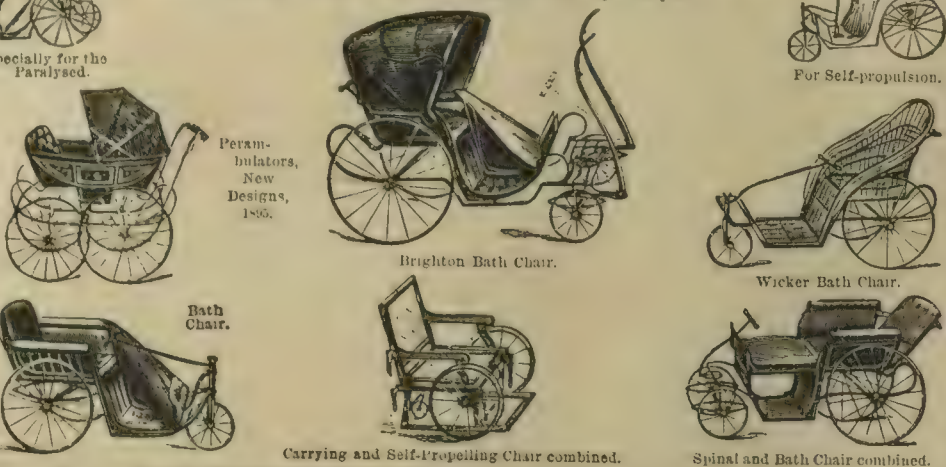
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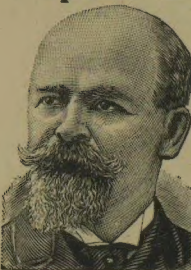
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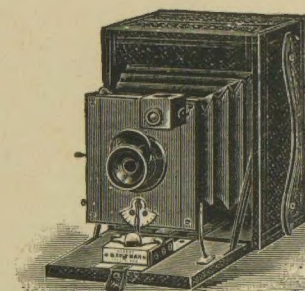
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THE OPERA.

The second reappearance—in a new character, that is—of Madame Patti at Covent Garden occurred on the evening of Wednesday, June 19, as Rosina in “Il Barbiere di Siviglia.” Never was there so charming a Rosina as this, from the moment she peered over the balcony to the moment—no! just before the moment—when, by way of finale, she sang an absurd waltz by Tito Mattei. Her acting was touched with genuine humour, the humour of clever comedy and of personal charm. Rossini has given direction, as we all know, that during the lesson scene a song chosen for the occasion should be warbled by Rosina. Let us not, therefore, be shocked that, in response to an encore given to her rendering of “Bel Raggio,” she sang, in her own inimitable fashion, “Home, Sweet Home.” The song was chosen “for the occasion,” and on such occasions everybody and everything are expected to be irresponsible.

On the night of Monday, June 24, Covent Garden was again crowded to witness a performance of “Don

Giovanni,” with Maurel in the title-part, Patti as Zerlina, Miss Macintyre as Donna Elvira, Mdle. Adini as Donna Anna, Signor Castelmari as Leporello, and Signor Pini-Corsi as Masetto. The weather was, unfortunately, against both performers and performance. The heat was nearly overpowering, and Madame Patti and M. Maurel appeared to content themselves with acting their best and leaving the vocal part of the matter to go by the board. Miss Macintyre, indeed, rather reversed the process—put a good deal of spirit into her singing and shirked the acting; Mdle. Adini and M. Brozel shirked both; and Signor Pini-Corsi, admirable as he is, was indefatigable each way. It cannot be denied that the most vital opera in the world went somewhat slowly, and that half of the house was depleted before the statue scene. Few indeed witnessed Maurel’s fine death in a glory of green light.

The soirée of the National Indian Association was held on Thursday June 20, in the East Hall of the Imperial Institute, built through the munificence of Mr. and Mrs. Cowasjee Jehanghir, who were present. The numerous

guests and members were received by Lady Lyall and the honorary secretary, Miss Manning, and included among others Sir Raymond and Lady West, General and Mrs. Willoughby, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Cama, Archdeacon Thornton, Dr. and Mrs. Oswald, and Mr. Justice Ameer Ali, of Calcutta. During the evening Mr. A. P. Sen gave a Hindi song of his own composition, to the accompaniment of an Indian instrument; Madame Alice Gomez delighted all present with two songs; and Mrs. Oswald played Chopin’s Impromptu in A flat with fine taste. Fifteen or sixteen Hindu and Parsee ladies, in their beautiful costumes, and several Indian gentlemen, brilliantly attired, gave the scene a very festive appearance.

Punch is to have another rival in the shape of a humorous weekly newspaper, projected by Mr. Raven Hill, whose artistic work is widely popular. Whether there is room for such a paper will largely depend on the methods of its editor, and on the ability displayed by the literary staff, as well as by the artists engaged in its production. The humorists are few and rather feeble at the present time; yet we need laughter rather more than in the past.

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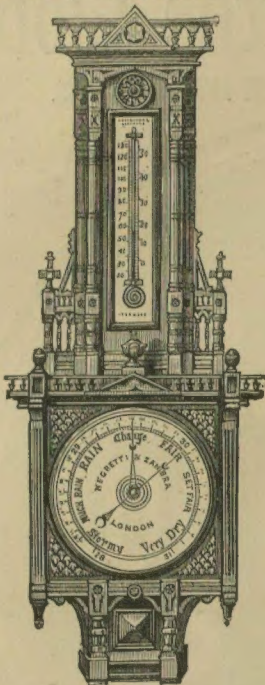
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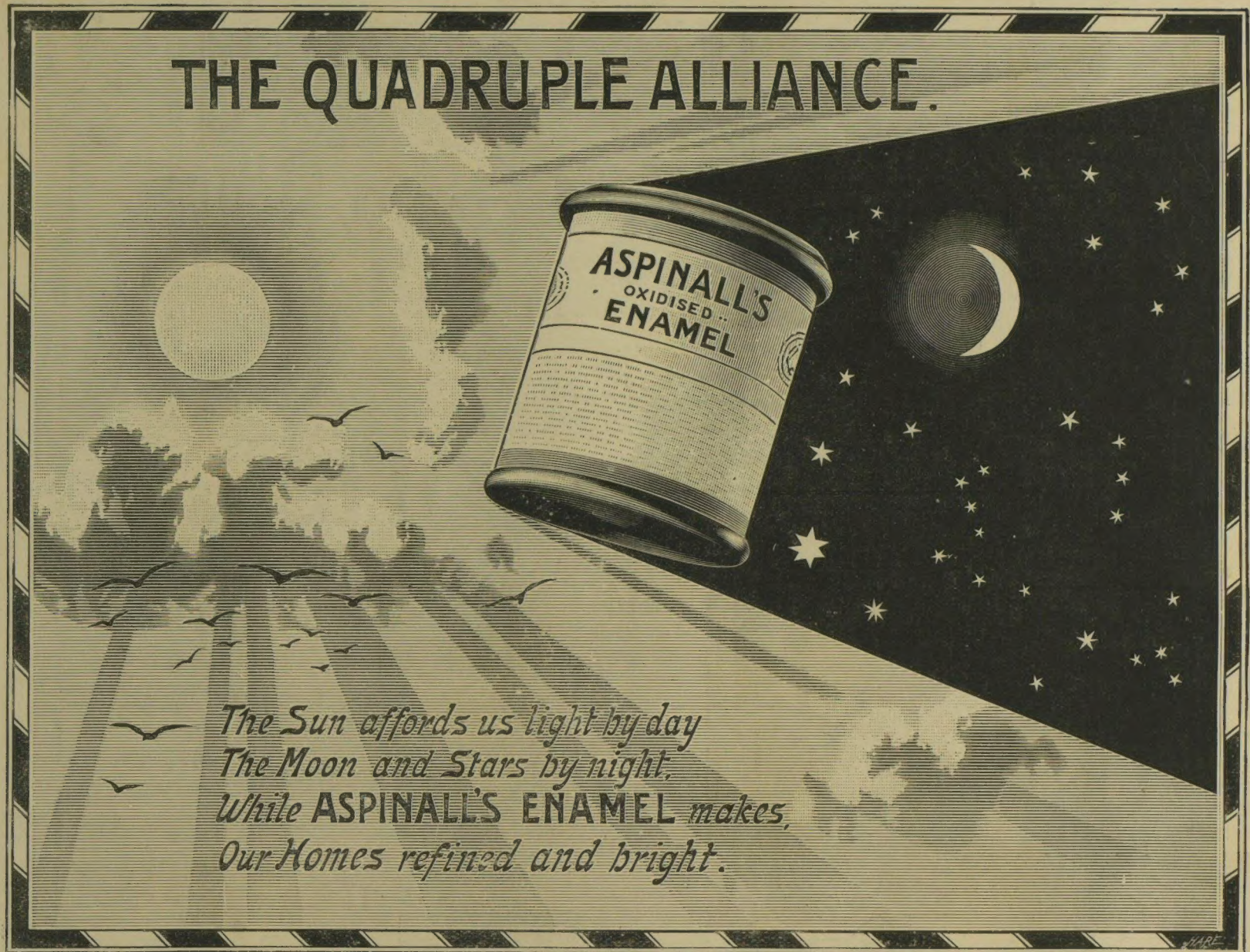
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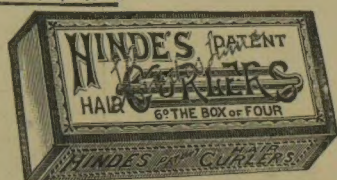
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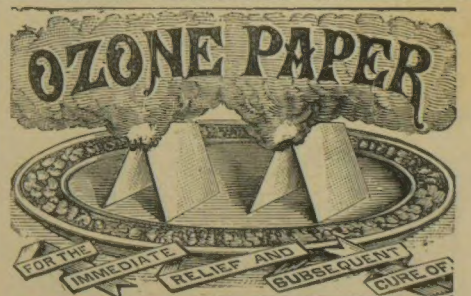
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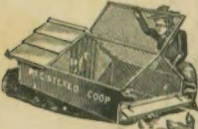
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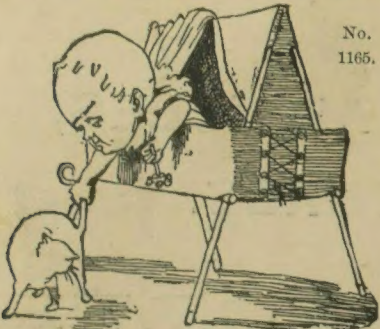
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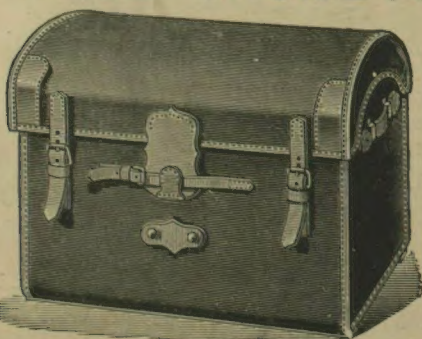
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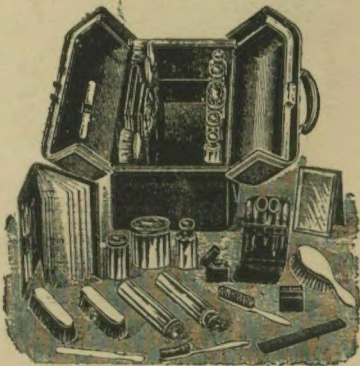
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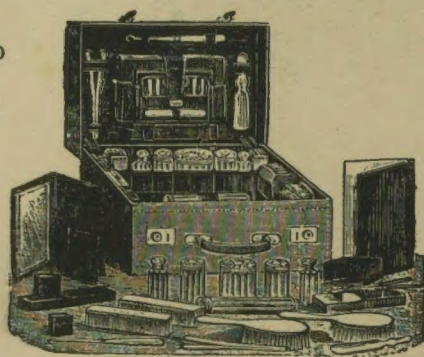
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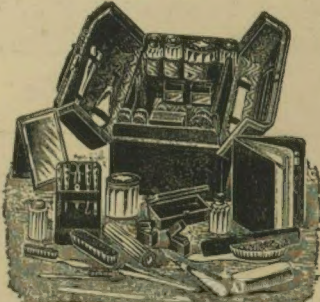


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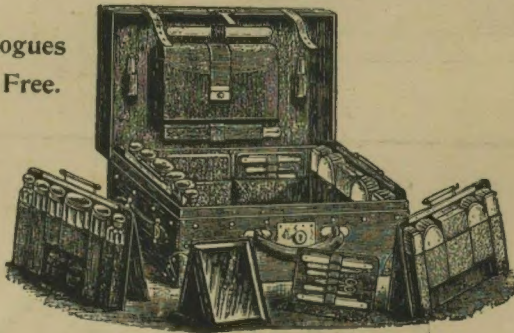


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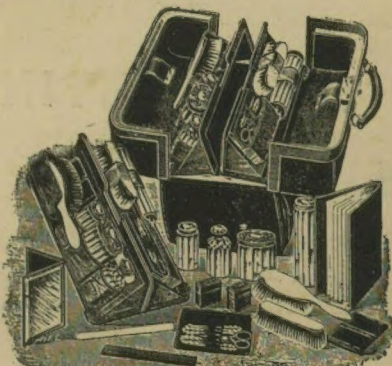
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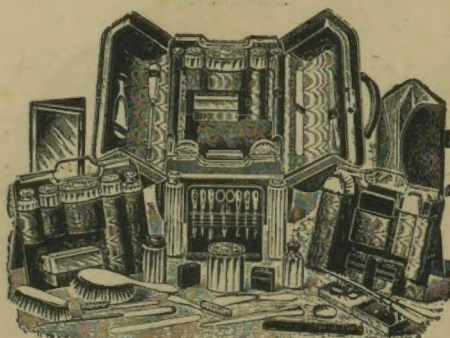
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